

VOL. 7 No 2

MARCH-APRIL

# 4MOST

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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52 Pages  
OF  
THRILLS  
AND  
LAUGHS!



LBCole

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WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# 4-THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS

## THE EDITORS WRITE:

Hello, Reader-Editors!

We're going to devote a big part of this month's "4-Thoughts and Afterthoughts" to an important matter of interest to you as good citizens. You've heard about it, but, in case you've forgotten temporarily, here goes:

The food situation in Europe is desperate. People abroad need **your** help. You can give it in two ways:

(1) You can cooperate with the government's food conservation program.

(2) You can send CARE food parcels to Europe. Maybe a group of 4MOST fans could earn ten dollars, the cost of one package. The money should be sent to CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York, N. Y., together with the name of a friend or relative. If you don't know anyone in Europe, you may ask to have your package sent to any sort of person you'd like to help—maybe a French orphan, or a Polish widow and family, or a needy Austrian postman. Remember, one of these packages contains enough food to supplement one family's regular food rations for a whole month.

Most of the letters published this month are from female readers—the gals write many more letters to us than you boys. Don't take a back seat, fellows. Let's have more letters from you!

Cordially yours,

The Editors

## THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

I am writing to let you know how much I enjoy reading 4MOST. I think it is really a fine magazine. I think "Dick Cole" and "Edison Bell" are wonderful. I am working in an Art Studio, training to be a cartoon artist. I know there is no pen-pal page in 4MOST but if I am lucky enough to get this letter published in this fine magazine, I would be more than pleased to get any letters from the 4MOST fans. I am 15 years of age. In my spare time I work for a Children's Magazine. The editor of this magazine is Barbara Willis, she is Britain's youngest editor.

Yours truly,  
Reginald Pears  
43 Alwinton Gdns.  
Lobley Hill  
Gateshead 11  
c/o Durham, Eng.

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

The fall edition of 4MOST was the first one I have ever read and believe you me, I wouldn't miss another issue for anything. I think the book is "S.W.E.L.L."

My favorite characters in your book are Dick Cole and Candid Charlie. I see

by other letters no one has mentioned Charlie, but personally I like him.

I am looking forward to reading your next issue of 4MOST.

Your faithful comic fan,  
Joyce Sprouse  
Lynchburg, Va.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the September-October issue of 4MOST and it is the best yet, I think.

Keep "Candid Charlie" out but continue "Lem and Grem." Next to "The Cadet" he is the best one in 4MOST. I also enjoy the Q's and A's very much. Especially the ones where the answer is in a picture on the page and you are supposed to find it.

Why don't you have dogs in the stories about Dick Cole? I think it would be better then.

Sincerely yours,  
Barbara Kendrick  
San Diego, Calif.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the latest issue of 4MOST and I have enjoyed it immensely.

The stories are all interesting and exciting. I especially like the questions and answers at the bottom of the pages. In regard to my opinion of how the stories rate, well, I think that "Dick Cole," "Candid Charlie," and "The Cadet" are tops.

I also enjoyed "Lem and Grem" and I hope you will continue to have it in the future 4MOST magazines.

A faithful reader,  
Valerie Geraci  
New Orleans, La.

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

Of all the comic books I have read I have never come across such an interesting character as Lem and Grem. Other books which I have read all seem to have the same plots, but this is not true of the story "Lem and Grem." This story is a real touch of originality and is enjoyed by everyone. The whole family at our house enjoyed it and I am sure many others do, too.

So, please, won't you continue the stories of "Lem and Grem." In my opinion, he rates first in 4MOST comics. Thank you.

Yours truly,  
Carmel Finelli  
Troy, New York

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

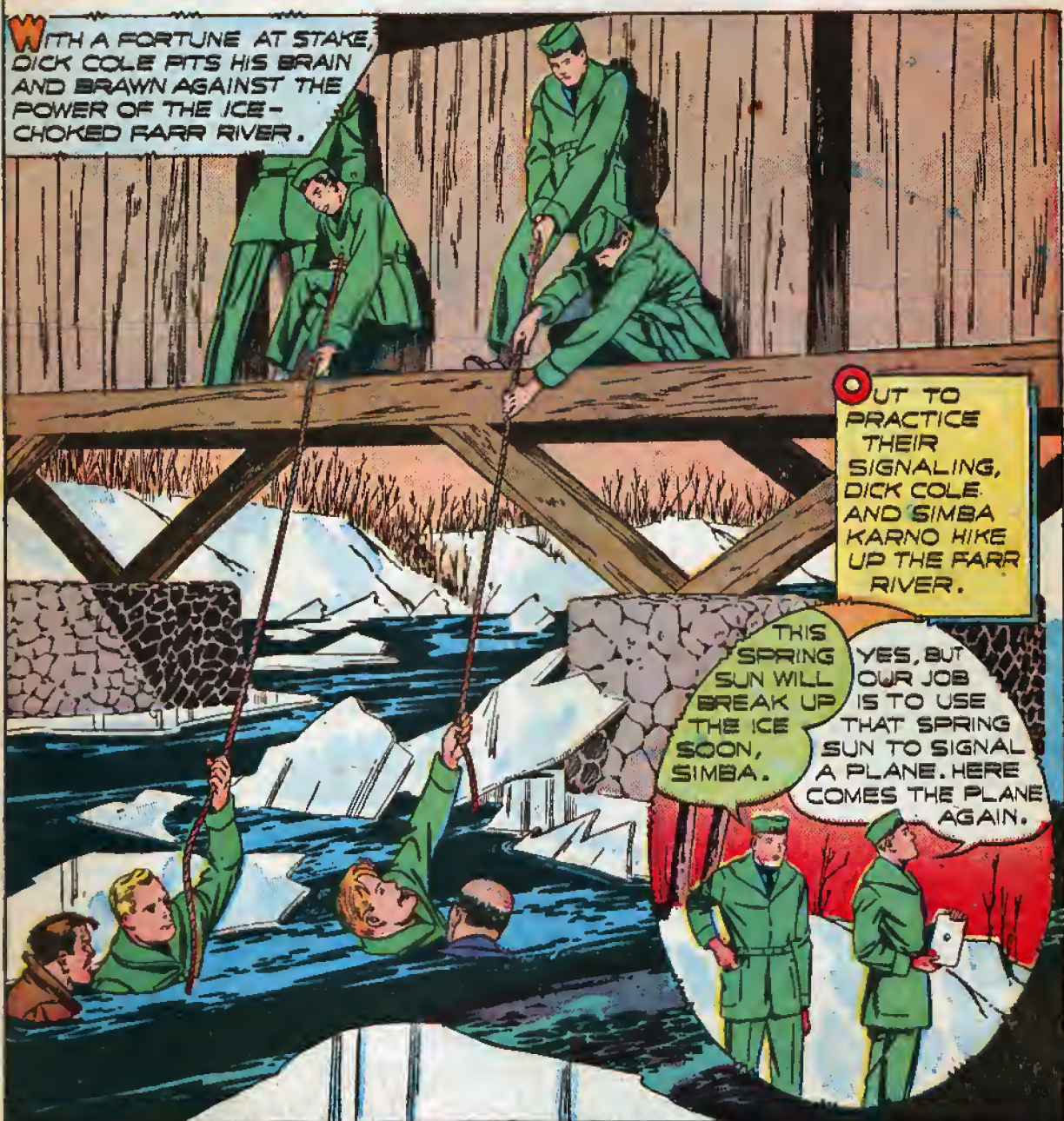
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.



# DICK COLE



**W**ITH A FORTUNE AT STAKE, DICK COLE FITS HIS BRAIN AND BRAVN AGAINST THE POWER OF THE ICE-CHOKED FARR RIVER.



**OUT TO PRACTICE THEIR SIGNALING, DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO HIKE UP THE FARR RIVER.**

THIS SPRING SUN WILL BREAK UP THE ICE SOON, SIMBA.

YES, BUT OUR JOB IS TO USE THAT SPRING SUN TO SIGNAL A PLANE. HERE COMES THE PLANE AGAIN.

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
 Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Phillip E. Moonan, Assistant Manager  
 Mel Cummin, Art Director; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

4MOST, Vol. 7, No. 2, Mar.-April, 1948, published bi-monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1948 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$1.00 per year (6 issues) in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, November 4, 1941, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. All characters and incidents described or depicted in stories (except those based on history or fact) are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.



I HOPE WE'RE HITTING IT WITH OUR REFLECTED SUN RAYS.



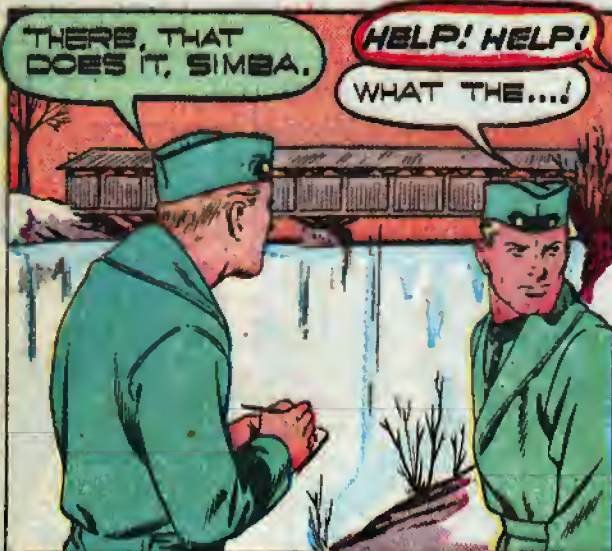
I'LL MAKE NOTES OF OUR SIGNAL MIRROR TRIES. WE CAN CHECK LATER WITH THE SPOTTER IN THE PLANE.



THERE, THAT DOES IT, SIMBA.

HELP! HELP!

WHAT THE...!



GUS FLINT'S SHOVIN' MY MAW AROUND! HE'S BEEN PESTERIN' HER FOR THE FRANCHISE EVER SINCE POP DIED. HE'S AWFUL TOUGH!

WE CAN BE TOUGH, TOO. COME ON.. LET'S GO!



HELP! MY MOTHER NEEDS HELP!



**MEANWHILE,** AT THE NEAR-BY DILLON SHACK, WIDOW DILLON DEFIES GUS FLINT.

YOUR HUSBAND OWED ME DOUGH, BLAST IT! THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN SQUARE IT IS TO GIVE ME THE FRANCHISE TO THE TOLL BRIDGE!

NO, I WON'T! THE FRANCHISE IS THE ONLY CHANCE MY FAMILY HAS TO GET AHEAD!





DON'T BE STUPID!  
YOUR BRIDGE IS ON A  
COUNTRY LANE THAT  
NOBODY USES. YOU'LL  
NEVER MAKE ANY MONEY  
FROM IT!

BUT, MR. FLINT, IF THE STATE  
SHOULD MAKE THE LANE INTO  
A BIG HIGHWAY, THE FRANCHISE  
WILL BE VERY VALUABLE.  
SURELY A ROAD CONTRACTOR  
LIKE YOU KNOWS THAT!

THERE'S  
NOT A  
CHANCE  
OF  
THAT.

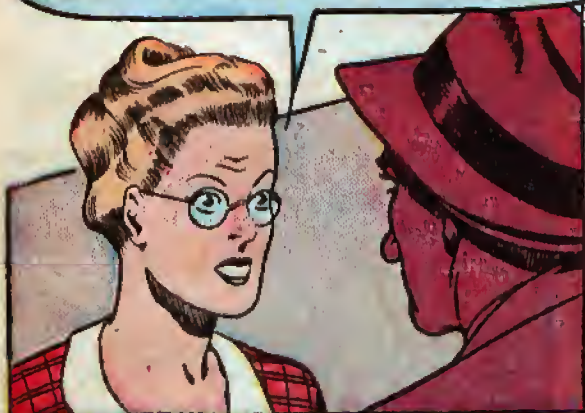


MR. FLINT, I'M POOR AND I HAVE  
SIX CHILDREN, BUT SOMEHOW I'LL  
PAY YOU THE MONEY THAT MY  
HUSBAND OWED YOU. ONLY, I  
MEAN TO KEEP THE FRANCHISE!

AND I  
MEAN TO  
TAKE IT!

OOH!  
PLEASE  
DON'T!

HEY, YOU,  
CUT THAT  
OUT!



YOU ACT AS UNCIVILIZED  
AS AN AFRICAN BUSHMAN,  
FLINT! SO...

**DUCKING A WILD PUNCH, DICK SEIZES  
FLINT AROUND THE WAIST, AND HEAVES  
HIM THROUGH A WINDOW.**



IT'S BACK  
TO THE  
BUSH FOR  
YOU!



CRASH!



**OUTSIDE, FLINT GETS TO HIS FEET.**



**AH, THERE IT IS!**

**AND JUST OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR OF THE DILLON HOME...**

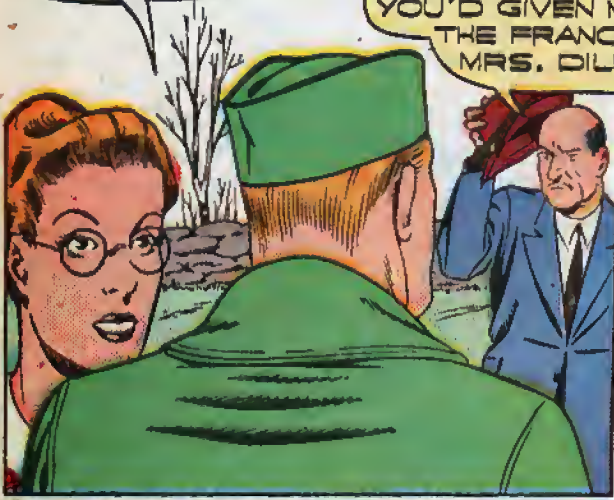


**HM-M. I DROPPED MY NOTEBOOK.**



**DICK AND FLINT HAVE IDENTICAL NOTEBOOKS. EACH MISTAKENLY THINKS HE'S PICKING UP HIS OWN.**

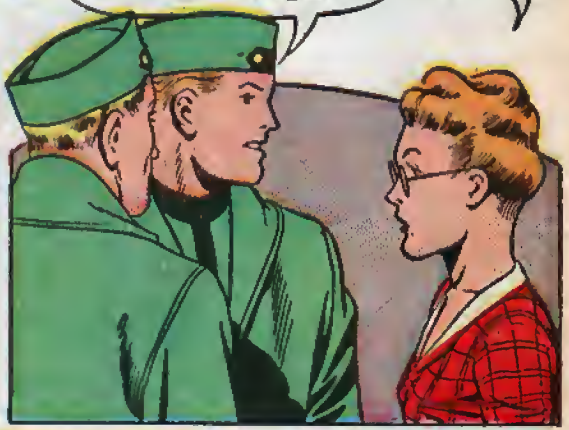
**OH, YOU WERE WONDERFUL!**



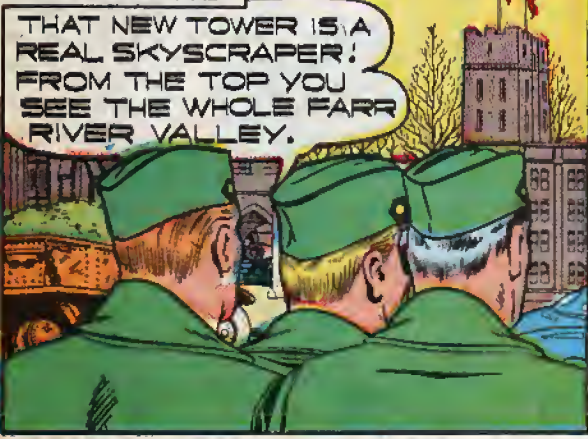
**YOU'LL SOON WISH YOU'D GIVEN ME THE FRANCHISE, MRS. DILLON!**

**IF FLINT BOTHERS YOU AGAIN, MRS. DILLON, CALL US AT THE ACADEMY.**

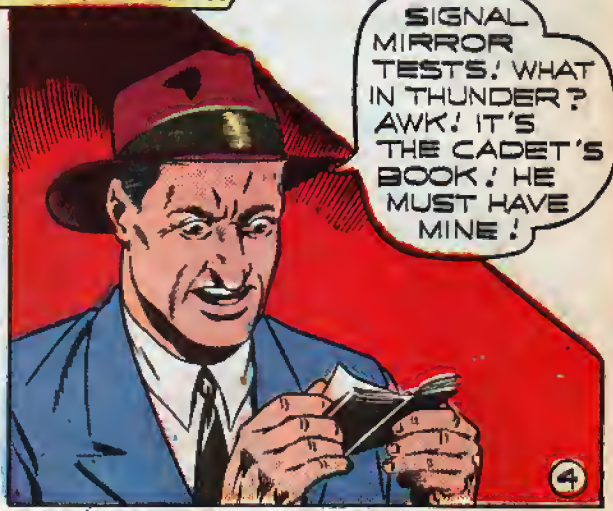
**THANK YOU, BOYS!**



**DICK AND SIMBA RETURN TO THE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY CAMPUS WHERE SEVERAL OF THE NEW BUILDINGS HAVE BEEN COMPLETED.**



**MEANWHILE...**





DALY! ROUND UP  
SOME TOUGH MUZZ,  
QUICK! IF I DON'T  
GET THAT BOOK BACK,  
I'M SUNK!

OKAY,  
BOSS.

GUS FLINT  
CONTRACTOR  
WE BUILD  
ROADS AND BRIDGES

SOON...

LET'S CHECK OVER THE  
NOTES ON OUR SIGNAL  
MIRROR TESTS, SIMBA.

GOSH! THIS  
IS FLINT'S  
NOTEBOOK!  
AND... IT'S VERY  
INTERESTING! NO  
WONDER HE  
WANTED THE  
DILLON  
FRANCHISE!

FLINT HAS SIGNED  
A CONTRACT TO  
BUILD A NEW ROAD  
AND BRIDGE AT THE  
DILLON LOCATION FOR  
A FLAT RATE, WHICH  
MEANS HE HAS TO  
ACQUIRE ALL LANDS  
AND RIGHTS HIMSELF.

UM-M-M-  
I THINK  
I SEE.

FLINT FIGURES  
THE FRANCHISE  
IS WORTH  
\$100,000.  
HE'LL HAVE  
TO PAY MRS.  
DILLON...  
UNLESS HE  
CAN MAKE THE  
FRANCHISE  
WORTHLESS!

HOW COULD  
HE DO  
THAT?

AS DICK TALKS, A TRUCK  
APPROACHES THE TWO CADETS.

IT SEEMS THE  
FRANCHISE ENDS  
IF THE BRIDGE  
BREAKS DOWN.  
AND FLINT PLANS,  
AS A LAST RESORT,  
TO MAKE IT DO  
JUST THAT!

THERE  
THEY ARE!



**GUS FLINT JUMPS OUT.**

JUST AS THE RIVER ICE BREAKS UP, FLINT WILL DYNAMITE THE BRIDGE SUPPORTS. THE BRIDGE'LL BE KNOCKED OUT, BUT EVERYONE'LL THINK THE ICE JAM DID IT!



PILE OUT, MEN, AND GRAB 'EM!

COME WID US, PAL!

YOU TOO, CHUM!

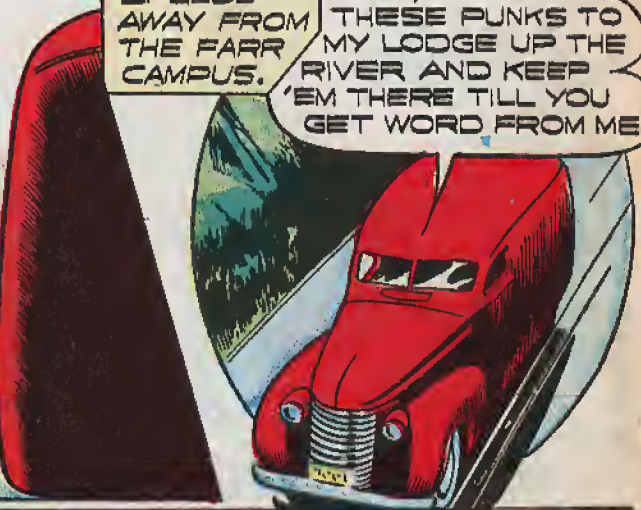


HEAVE 'EM IN THE TRUCK. NOBODY SAW US!



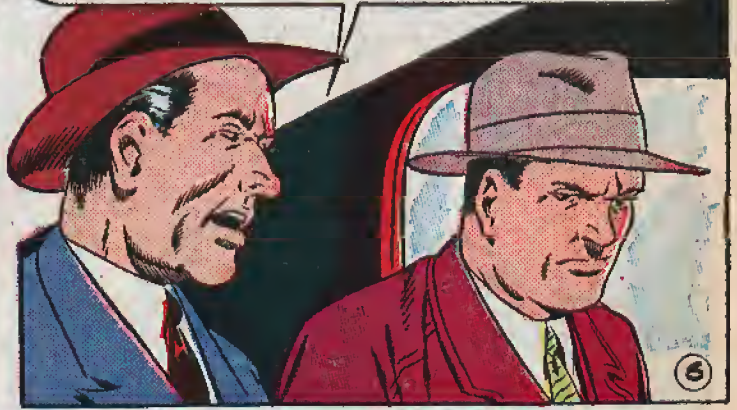
**T**HE TRUCK SPEEDS AWAY FROM THE FARR CAMPUS.

DALY, TAKE THESE PUNKS TO MY LODGE UP THE RIVER AND KEEP 'EM THERE TILL YOU GET WORD FROM ME.



WHEN A COUPLE OF DOLLARS WORTH OF DYNAMITE CAN SAVE ME 100,000 BUCKS, I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES OF ANY BOY HEROES GETTIN' IN THE WAY!

I'LL GET OFF WITH TWO OF THE BOYS NEAR DILLON BRIDGE, DALY. THE ICE OUGHT TO BREAK BY DAWN. WE'LL BE READY TO BLAST THE BRIDGE THEN!





**LATER, THE TRUCK STOPS NEAR THE BRIDGE.**

CROOK! YOU'RE GYPPING MRS. DILLON OUT OF A FORTUNE!

TSK-TSK! WHAT A NASTY WAY TO TALK TO A GENTLEMAN WHO'S LOANING YOU HIS LODGE. WELL, SO LONG, CHUMPS!

**HOURS LATER...** THERE'S THE LODGE NOW. WE'RE 20 MILES UP THE RIVER FROM THE DILLON BRIDGE. SO DON'T GET ANY FANCY ESCAPE IDEAS IN YOUR HEADS!

DALY STOPS THE CAR AND DICK AND SIMBA ARE HUSTLED OUT.

MY PAL AND I ARE SPENDING THE NIGHT IN THE LODGE. YOU TWO WILL SLEEP IN THE BOATHOUSE AS A REWARD FOR "BARGING" IN.

**DICK AND SIMBA ARE LOCKED IN THE BOATHOUSE.**

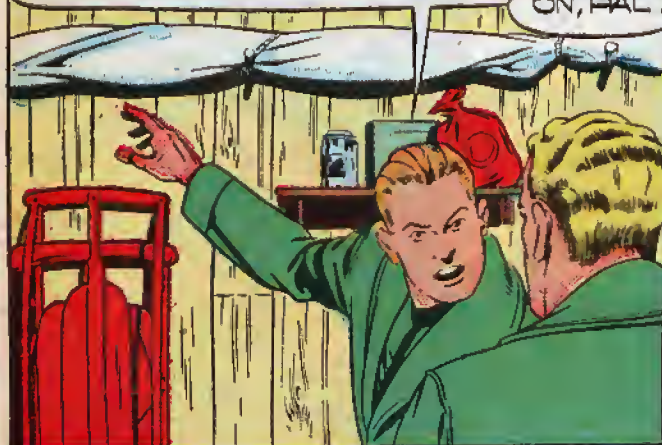
FINE THING! POOR MRS. DILLON IS ABOUT TO BE ROBBED AND HERE WE ARE, HELPLESS!

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, SIMBA.

THERE'S A SAILBOAT MAST AND SAIL... AND A SLED! VIA RIVER, FLINT IS ONLY 20 MILES AWAY! CATCH ON, PAL?

I SURE DO! WE RIG UP AN ICEBOAT, CRACK OUT OF HERE, THEN SCOOT DOWNSTREAM!

RIGHT! HOP TO IT, SIMBA! THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!



7

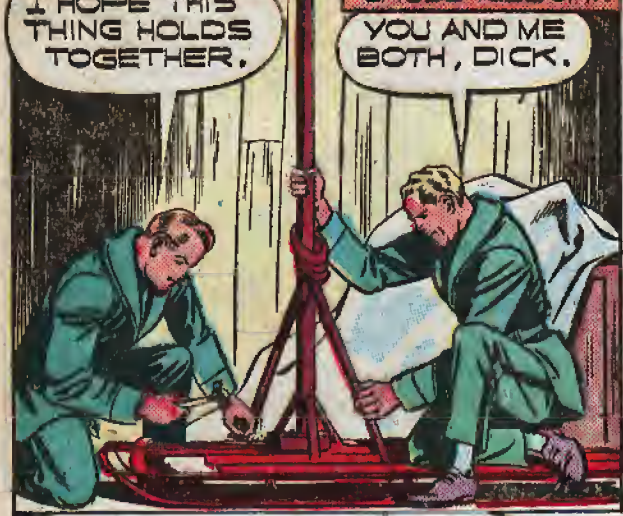
**Q** No. 3. Add "er" to a word in panel six to name a boat which sails as well on ice as in water.



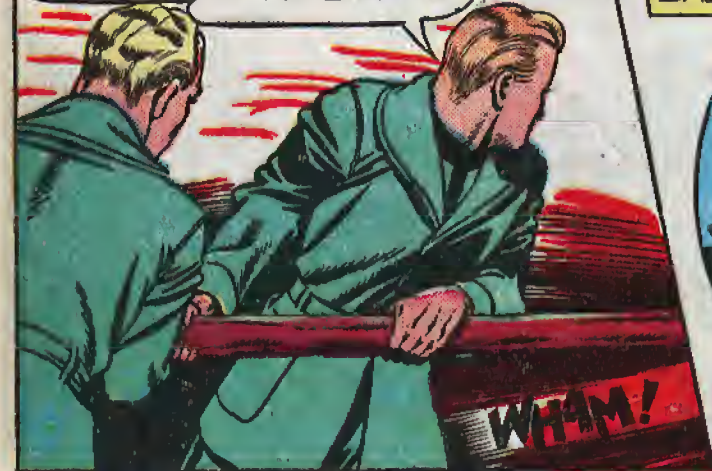
DICK AND SIMBA SWIFTLY BUILD A CRUDE ICEBOAT.

I HOPE THIS THING HOLDS TOGETHER.

YOU AND ME BOTH, DICK.



FLINT'S PALS WILL HEAR US BUT WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT CHANCE.



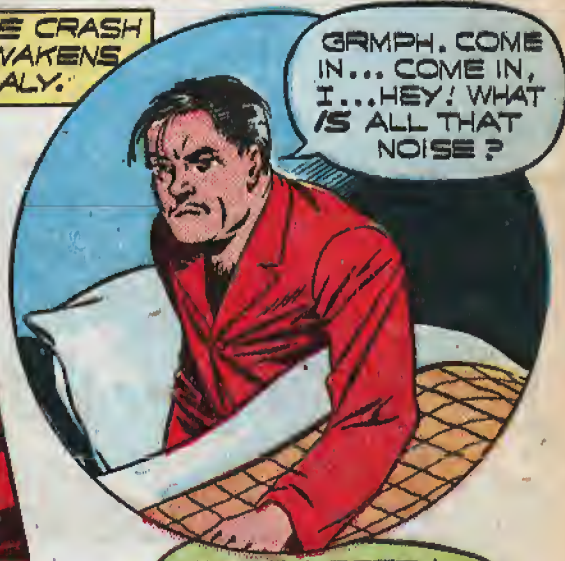
SEIZING HIS GUN, DALY RUSHES TO THE WINDOW.



FINALLY, AT 4:30 A.M. FIRST THERE SHE IS... READY FOR LAUNCHING! WE'LL HAVE TO BATTER DOWN THE DOOR.



THE CRASH AWAKENS DALY.



PETE! PETE! WAKE UP! THEY'RE GETTIN' OUT! HA! THAT SCARED 'EM BACK IN!





WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A DASH FOR IT, SIMBA. GRAB THE FRONT END OF THE SLED AND WHEN I SIGNAL, RUN LIKE THE OLD HARRY!

OKAY, DICK. LET'S GO!



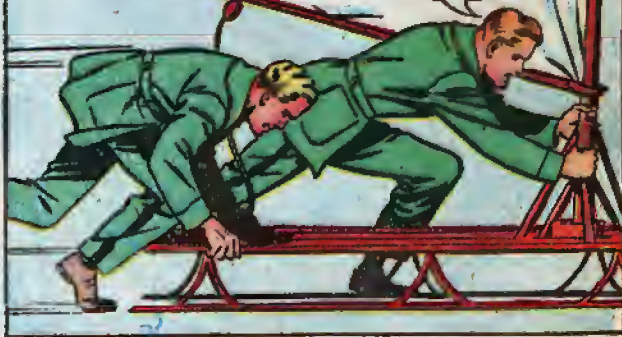
THE BOYS MAKE THE RIVER UNHARMED AND LAUNCH THEIR MAKESHIFT CRAFT.

COME BACK OR WE'LL PLUG YOU!

BANG BANG!

BANG!

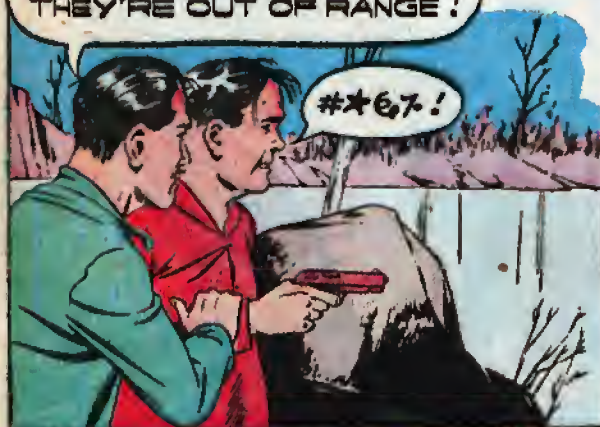
THE WIND'S CATCHING THE SAIL! HOP ON, SIMBA!



DALY AND PETE REACH THE RIVERBANK TOO LATE.

SAVE YOUR AMMUNITION! THEY'RE OUT OF RANGE!

#\*%&?!



WHEE! WE'RE REALLY TRAVELING!

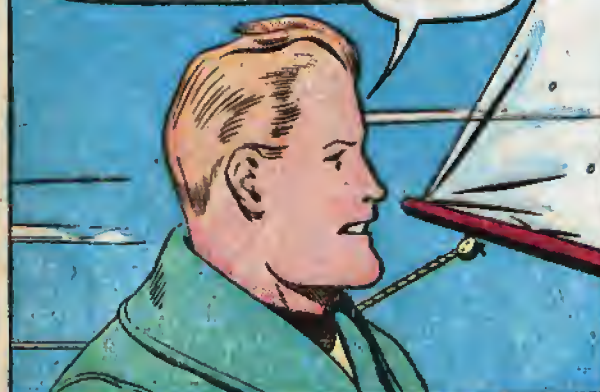
THE FASTER, THE BETTER! LISTEN TO THE ICE CRACKING!

CRAC!

CRAC!



IT'S A RACE AGAINST TIME! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE BRIDGE BEFORE THE ICE BREAKS UP... AND THAT'LL HAPPEN MIGHTY SOON!



SOON, DOWN RIVER NEAR THE DILLON BRIDGE.. LISTEN TO THAT ICE GRUMBLE! GET SET TO PUSH THE DETONATOR, ED.





I'M PRETTY SMART. EVEN TOOK CARE OF THOSE MEDDLER CADETS. WE'LL BE ON EASY STREET SOON!



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER, ROUND A BEND IN THE RIVER...

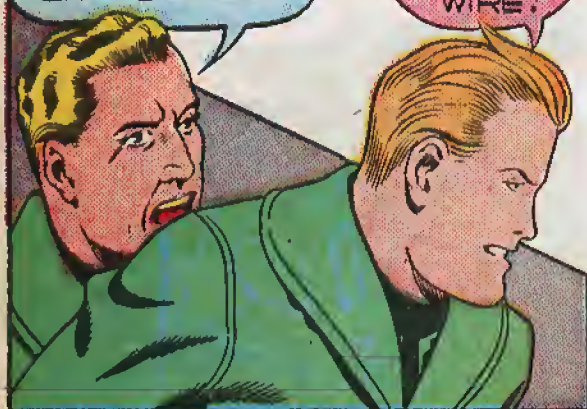
WE KNOCKED OFF THE 20 MILES IN RECORD TIME. LOOK, THE BRIDGE IS STILL THERE!

BUT NOT FOR LONG, UNLESS WE CAN STOP FLINT!



THERE'S A WIRE AHEAD, STRETCHED ACROSS THE ICE! IT MUST BE HOOKED UP TO THE EXPLOSIVES!

LUCKY WE BROUGHT AN AXE. I'LL FIX THAT WIRE!



FLINT SPOTS THE BOYS IN THE ICEBOAT!

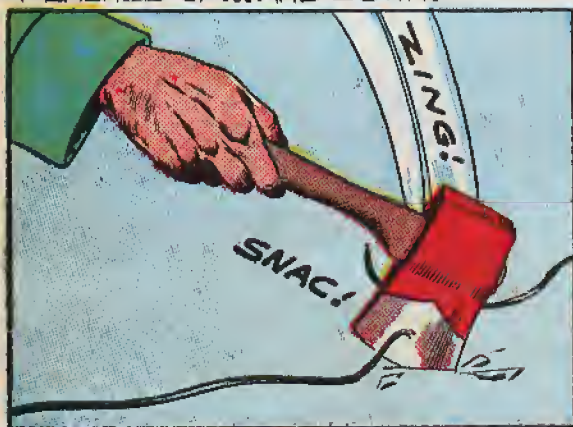
AWK! THE TIN SOLDIERS! IT AIN'T POSSIBLE. LOOK! THEY'RE GOING TO CUT THE WIRE!



AND AT THIS MOMENT, DICK AND SIMBA FLING THEMSELVES FROM THE ICEBOAT! DICK'S ARM FLASHES UP...AND DOWN!

I PUSHED IT, BOSS! NOTHIN' HAPPENED!

THOSE BLASTED CADETS HAVE INTERFERED FOR THE LAST TIME! COME ON!

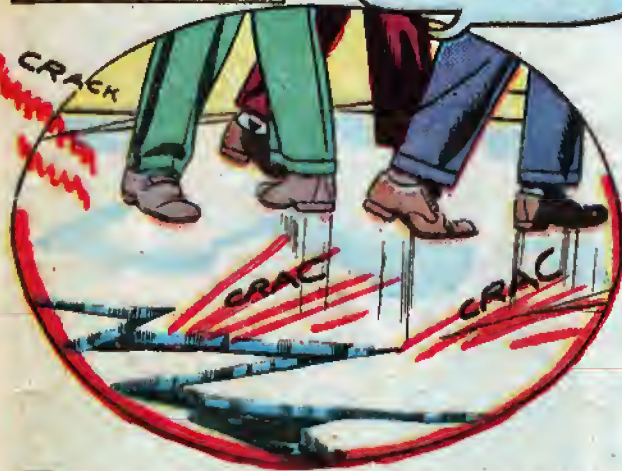






**S**UDDENLY, THE ICE BREAKS UP!

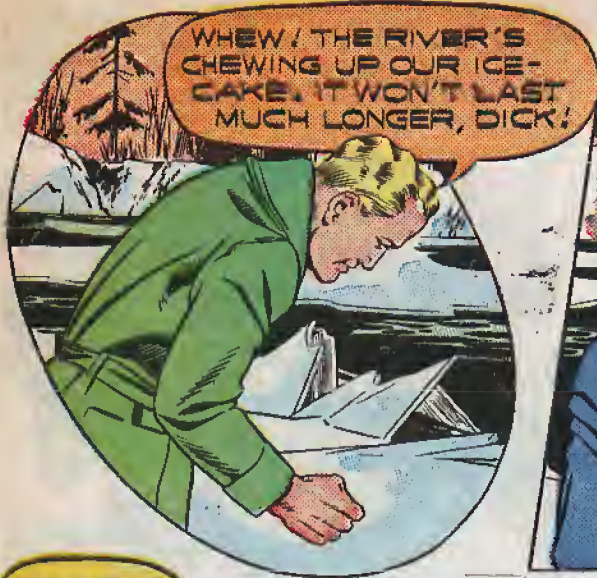
RUN! RUN! THERE GOES THE ICE!



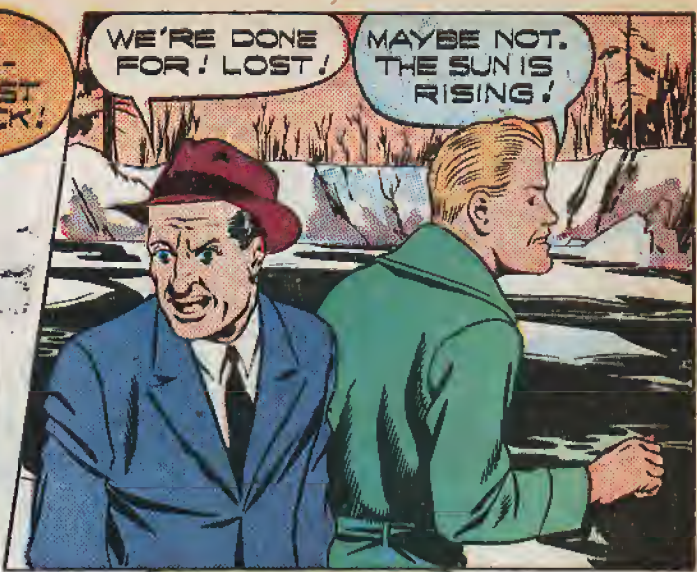
**T**HE RELEASED RIVER ROLLS FORWARD IN A VIOLENT SURGE!







WHEW! THE RIVER'S CHEWING UP OUR ICE-CAKE. IT WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER, DICK!



WE'RE DONE FOR! LOST!

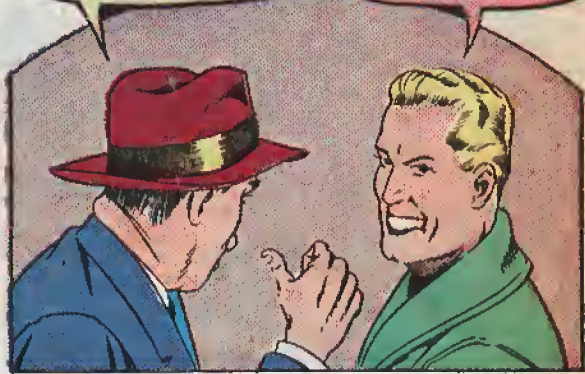
MAYBE NOT. THE SUN IS RISING!

SO WHAT, IDIOT?

SHORTY BLAKE SHOULD BE SOUNDING REVEILLE UP IN THE FARR TOWER ABOUT NOW.

"SUNRISE...TOWERS... BUGLERS..."; YOUR PAL HAS CRACKED UNDER THE STRAIN. HE'S NUTS! SHUT HIM UP!

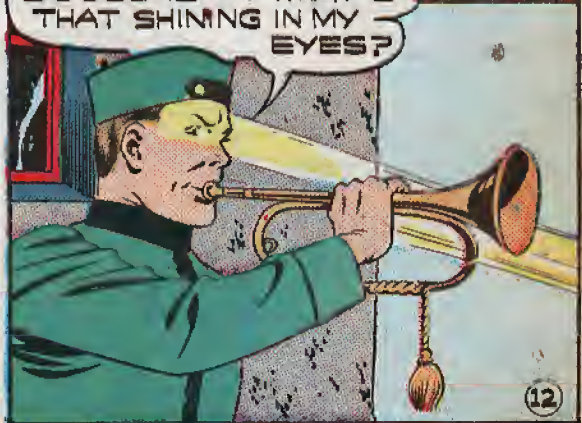
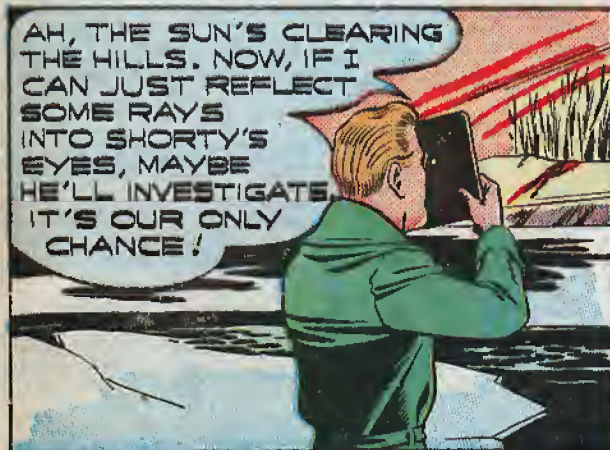
IF DICK DOES ANY CRACKING, IT'LL BE A WISE CRACK!



**D**ICK WHIPS HIS SIGNALING MIRROR FROM HIS POCKET.

AH, THE SUN'S CLEARING THE HILLS. NOW, IF I CAN JUST REFLECT SOME RAYS INTO SHORTY'S EYES, MAYBE HE'LL INVESTIGATE. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

HIGH UP ON THE FARR TOWER, SHORTY IS ANNOYED BY DICK'S SIGNAL. DOGGONE IT! WHAT'S THAT SHINING IN MY EYES?

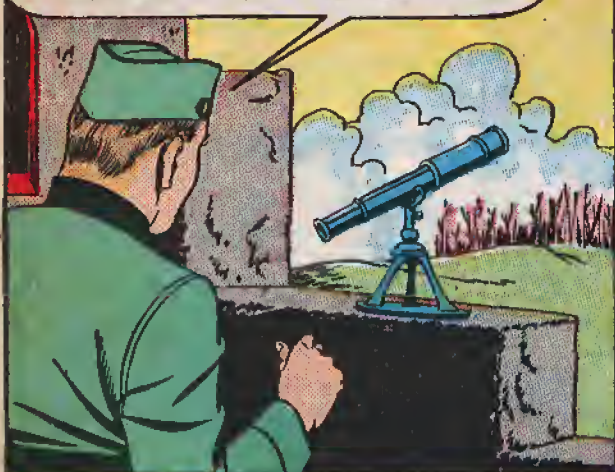


12

**A** No. 5. In 1912 the Titanic went down off the coast of Newfoundland and 1,517 lives were lost

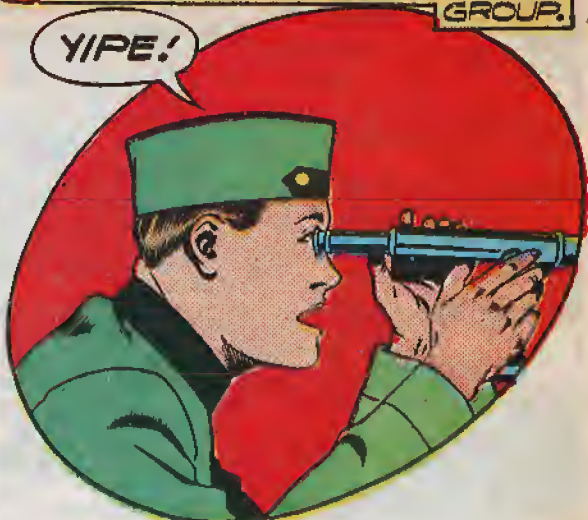


MAYBE SOME WISE GUY IS PLAYIN' JOKES. I'LL TAKE A GANDER THROUGH THAT TELESCOPE.



SHORTY SPOTS THE STRANDED GROUP.

YIPE!



AND RACES TO MAJOR FARR'S QUARTERS.

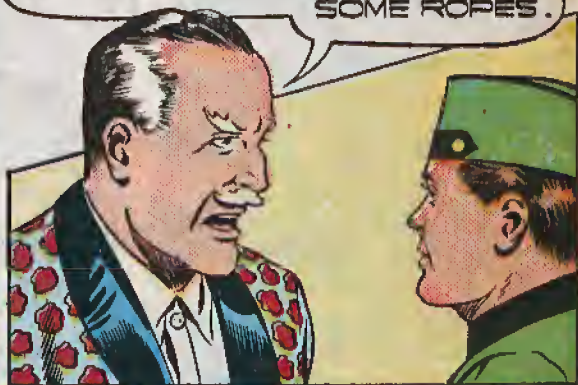
MAJOR FARR! DICK COLE AND SIMBA KARNO ARE STRANDED ON AN ICE-CAKE IN THE RIVER! HURRY, SIR, HURRY!

WHAT ON EARTH! JUST A MINUTE!



MAJOR FARR OPENS THE DOOR AND SHORTY GULPS OUT HIS STORY.

GREAT SCOTT! GET BARK HALL AND SOME OTHER CADETS. I'LL GET THE STATION WAGON AND SOME ROPES.



SOON... OUR ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE THEM IS TO HEAD THEM OFF AT THE OLD COVERED BRIDGE! STEP ON IT!



MEANWHILE, ON THE RAGING RIVER...

OUR FLOE'S GOING, DICK. PRETTY SOON THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT TO SUPPORT A FLY, LET ALONE US. BR-R-R-R. THAT BRIDGE AHEAD!





**THE FLOE BREAKS UP COMPLETELY JUST AS IT REACHES THE BRIDGE.**

GRAB THE ROPES!  
WE'LL PULL YOU UP!

HELP!  
HELP!

KICK AGAINST THE CURRENT,  
FLINT! HURRY! WE'VE GOT  
TO REACH A ROPE BEFORE  
AN ICE-CAKE CONKS US!

GOT IT! HEY,  
THERE ABOVE!  
HAUL AWAY!

THANKS FOR  
THE HAUL,  
HALL!

GOOD WORK,  
MEN! BUT AS  
SOON AS CADETS  
COLE AND KARNO  
GET INTO DRY  
CLOTHES THEY'LL  
HAVE TO DO  
SOME EXPLAINING!

GLADLY,  
SIR!

**A WEEK  
LATER...**

WHEN MAJOR  
FARR LEARNED  
ABOUT FLINT'S  
PLOT, HE HAD  
FLINT THROWN  
IN JAIL  
IMMEDIATELY!

THE NEW  
CONTRACTOR  
GAVE ME  
\$100,000.  
I MUST  
REWARD  
YOU  
SOMEHOW.

THANK YOU,  
MRS. DILLON, BUT  
I ALREADY HAVE  
A SWELL REWARD..  
AN OFFICIAL  
COMMENDATION  
FOR MY USE OF  
THE SIGNAL  
MIRROR.

YES, IT WAS  
PRESENTED  
TO HIM..  
ER, UH..  
AFTER  
DUE  
REFLECTION!



**Kids! Kids! Kids!**

# **ADULTS TOO!** **WORLD WAR II SOUVENIRS**

## **The Celebrated Italian 7.65 Brevettata**

*"Authentic Replica"*

This small semi-automatic pistol was one of the finest made by the Fascists. Carried by the crack Italian Alpine troops. Later used by the underground. Reproduced in actual size, design and balance. Made of solid cast aluminum and finished in gun-metal black.



## **The Famous GERMAN 9MM LUGER**

*"Authentic Replica"*

This gun is one of the most versatile weapons ever made. This gun was carried by officers as a side arm. It is semi-automatic. It could be fitted to a special stock and was often used as a rifle. Made of solid cast aluminum and finished in gun-metal black. An authentic World War II souvenir.

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Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ (No Stamps or C. O. D.'s)  
Send by return mail, postpaid, the guns  
checked below:

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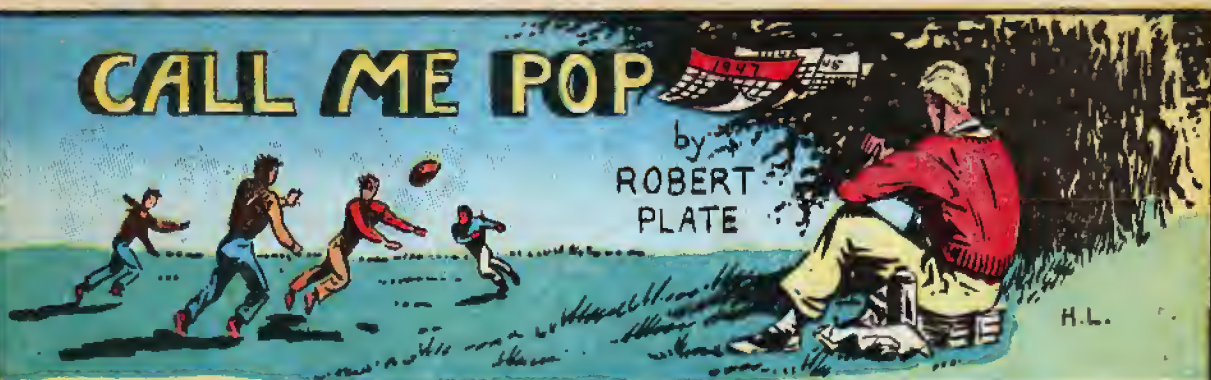
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# CALL ME POP

by  
ROBERT  
PLATE



ON SUNNY days the senior class of Bell High ate lunch at the campus oak grove.

Alone, Bill Baker followed his laughing, chatting classmates to the grove, where, gathered in cliques, they unpacked lunches.

Bill sat under a tree at the edge of the grove and watched the boys horsing around, wrestling with each other.

"Kids!" he thought scornfully. "Sappy kids, still wet behind the ears!"

The present seniors had not even reached high school when Bill had quit the senior class to join the Navy. Now, after four years' service, he was trying to pick up where he had left off—and it was proving to be much tougher than he had expected. Being isolated among such youngsters made him feel like a darned fool.

"Hey, Pop!"

Bill heard the cry, but didn't dream it was addressed to him until Chuck Hill, the burly football star, repeated it.

"Hi, old man," Chuck said, nearing him. "We hear you were in Japan. How about spinning some yarns for the younger generation?"

Bill flushed. "Sorry," he

said curtly. "I'm not in the travel lecture business." Ignoring Chuck, he bit into his sandwich.

Chuck shrugged. "Okay, Pop," he said, and left.

Bill felt like throwing his sandwich at the broad back of the football player, but—why waste good liverwurst on rye? And why act as childish as his associates?

Moodily, he ate lunch . . . Imagine being called "Pop"! No doubt of it now; he was an outsider—and the prospect of being marooned with these smooth-cheeked kids for an entire year was dismal.

For the benefit of Chuck Hill's group of athletes, Sandy Cook was giving an imitation of a bent old man with a crick in his back, trying to do a sailor's hornpipe. Angrily, Bill realized they were mocking him.

He rose and strode toward Chuck. Much as he wanted and needed his high school diploma, he had no intention of spending a year as a class joke. He might as well quit right now—but before he did, he just had to vent his anger.

He halted in front of Chuck.

"You want to know what I learned in Japan?"

He grasped Chuck's hand, yanked him forward, spun him off balance. Then, as Chuck lunged forward, Bill caught his other arm and flipped Chuck neatly over his back. Chuck landed with a loud thud on the grass.

Swiftly, Bill gave Sandy Cook the same treatment.

With the two huskiest athletes in school at his feet, Bill, a bit ashamed of himself, started to walk away. Now he must tell the principal he was quitting school.

But Chuck leaped from the ground—and not angrily.

"Boy, do that again!" he roared. "That judo is great stuff!"

Startled, Bill saw the boys eagerly crowding about him. They wanted to be shown; they were looking to him for instruction.

Suddenly, he saw that they had always been willing to be friends; only his own doubts had kept him aloof. Age was no real barrier.

"Okay, guys," he said gladly. "Step right up!"

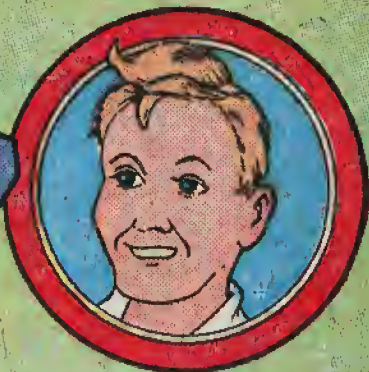
"Hey, Pop," Chuck said. "What's your real first name?"

Bill grinned. "Just call me 'Pop'!"

THE END



# Edison Bell



## DOG SHOW TOWN KENNEL CLUB



**E**DISON BELL AND JERRY MEET RUSTY AND LEARN THAT EVEN IN THE CANINE WORLD, EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER.

EDDIE,  
LOOK AT  
THIS!



NO USE,  
JERRY. WE  
DON'T  
OWN A  
DOG.

I KNOW,  
SAY, LET'S  
WALK BY  
THE DOG  
SHOP!



EDDIE, HOW  
DO YOU  
SUPPOSE WE  
CAN GET  
A DOG?

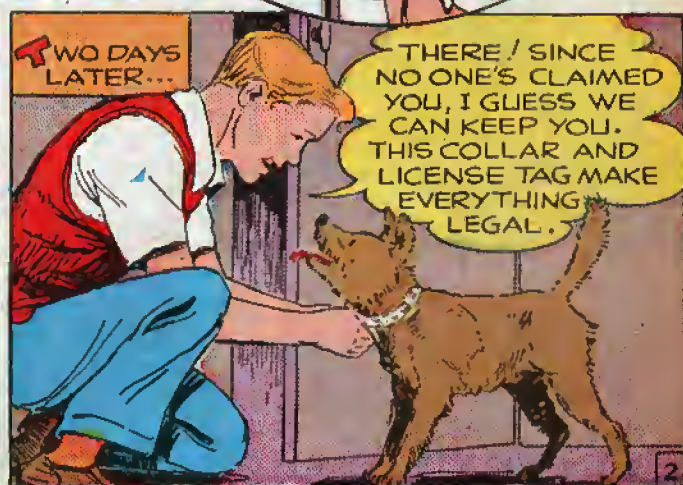
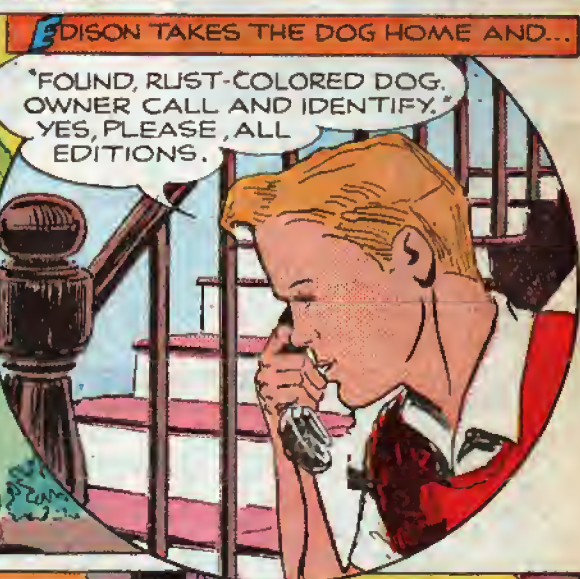
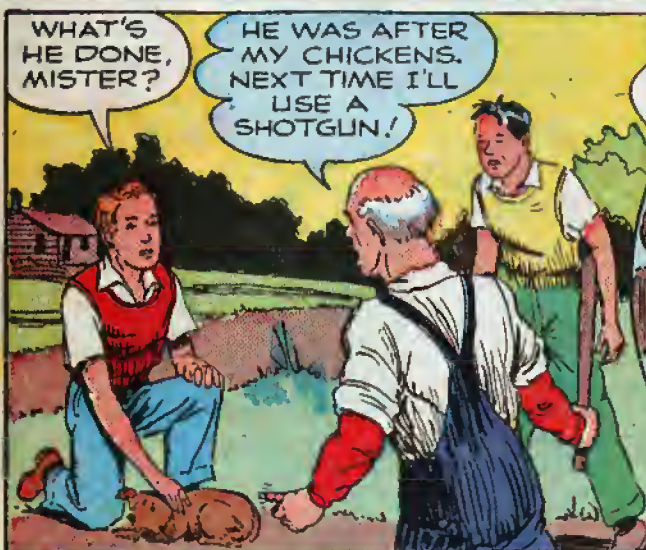
I DON'T  
KNOW.  
LOOK,  
HERE  
COMES  
BROCK.



IS BOXER  
GOING IN  
THE SHOW,  
BROCK?

YOU BET! IT'S  
JUST AS WELL  
YOU DON'T  
HAVE A DOG TO  
ENTER. BOXER  
WOULD EAT HIM  
UP!







THE NEXT MORNING...

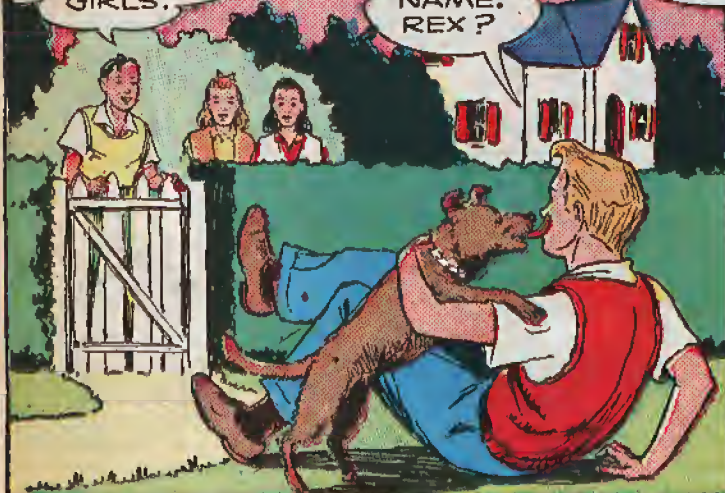
HI, EDDIE. HI, SPORT! COME MEET THE GIRLS.

HE DOESN'T ANSWER TO SPORT. WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER NAME. REX?

WHAT A DARLING DOG, BUT HE'S SUCH A FUNNY COLOR, SORT OF RUSTY.

THAT'S IT, EDISON. WHEN PAT SAID "RUSTY," HE RAN TO HER.

FROM NOW ON, DOG, YOUR NAME IS "RUSTY."



RUSTY UNDERGOES A NAMING CEREMONY.

ISN'T HE CUTE?

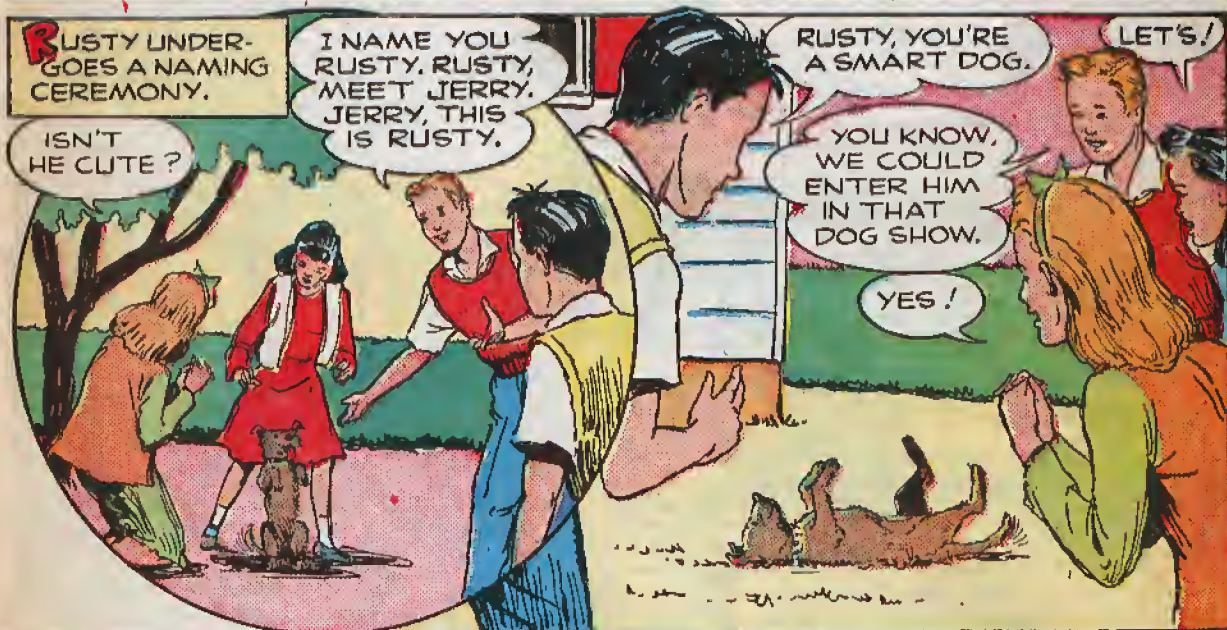
I NAME YOU RUSTY. RUSTY, MEET JERRY. JERRY, THIS IS RUSTY.

RUSTY, YOU'RE A SMART DOG.

LET'S!

YOU KNOW, WE COULD ENTER HIM IN THAT DOG SHOW.

YES!



SO RUSTY'S TRAINING BEGINS.

ATTENTION!



HEEL, RUSTY!



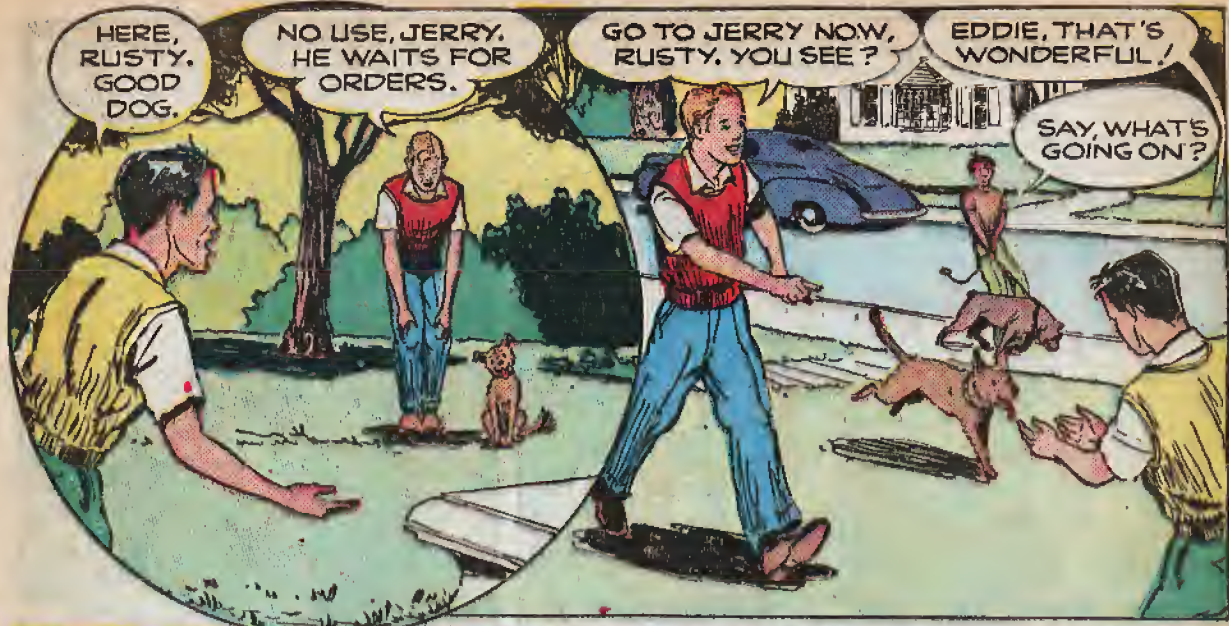
OVER, RUSTY!



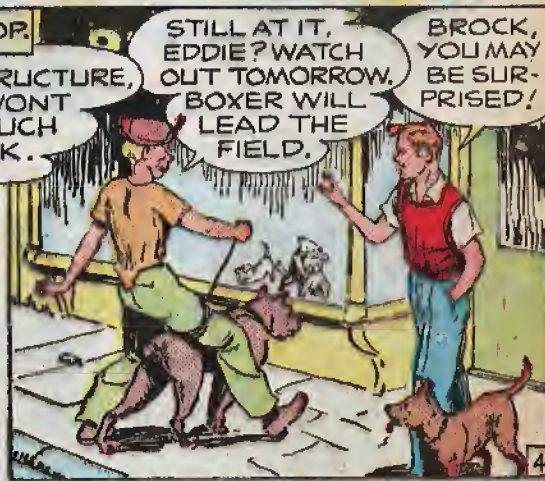
3

Q No. 2. In which of Jack London's novels was a dog trained as an entertainer?

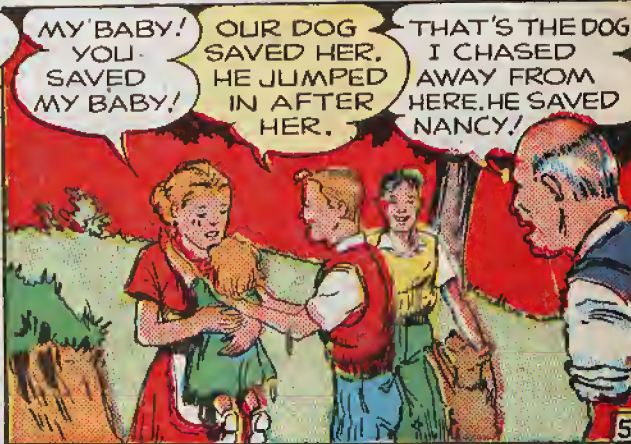
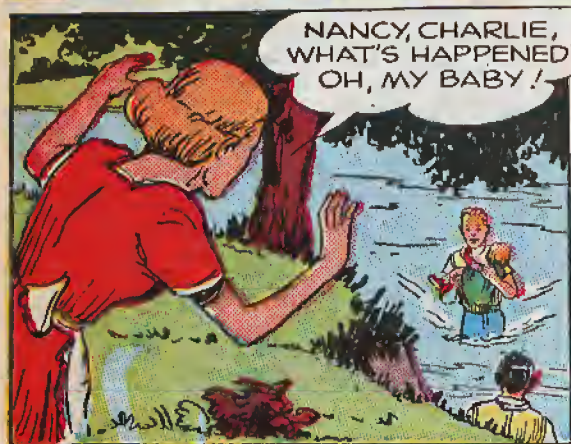
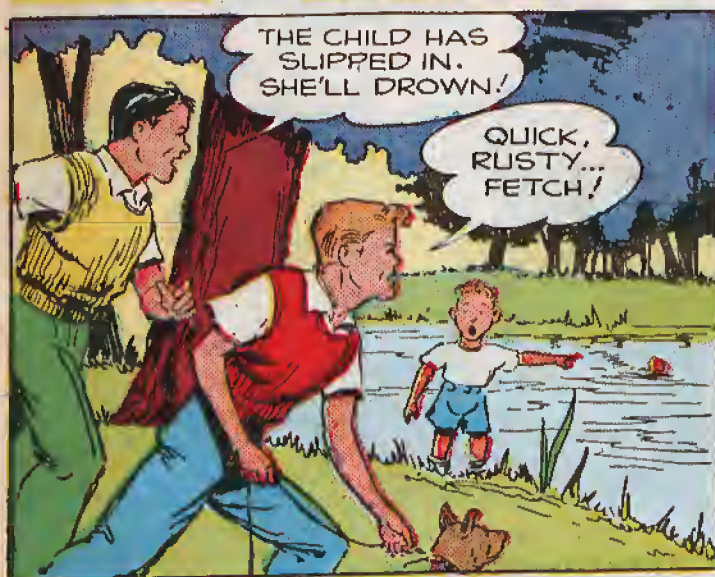
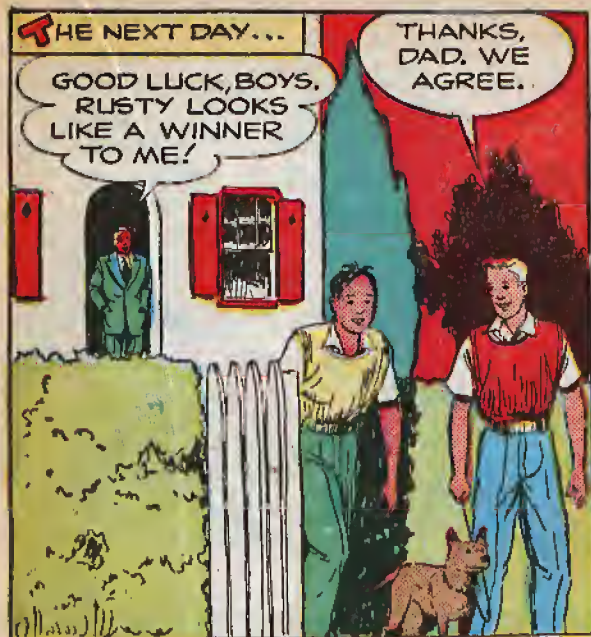




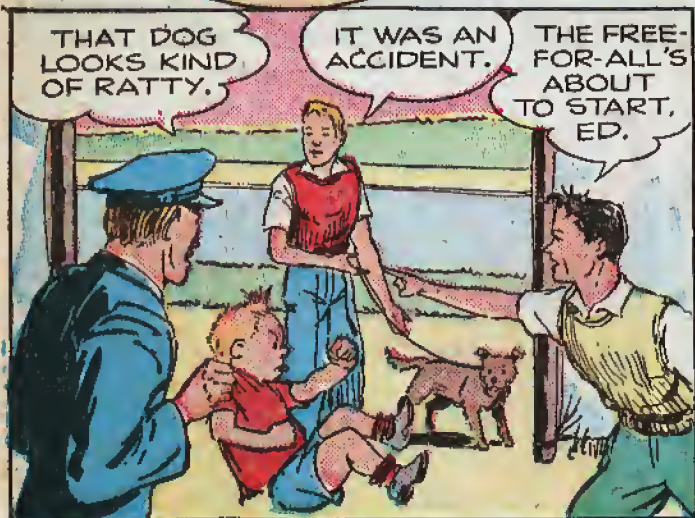
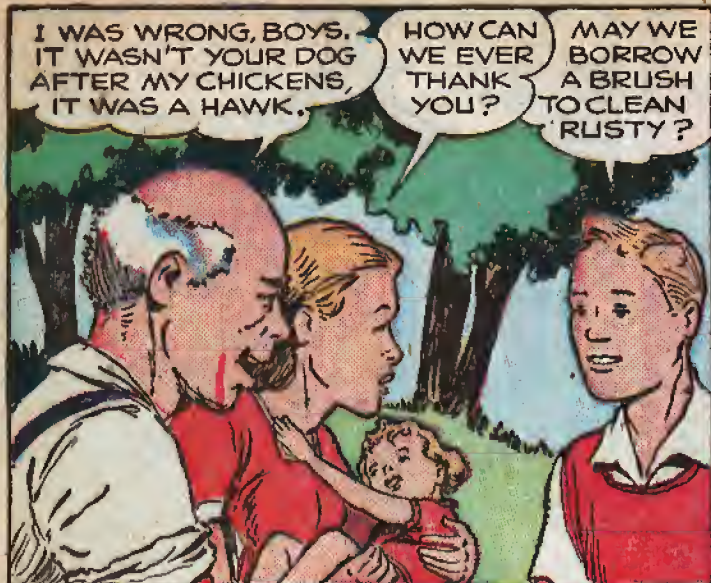
THE BOYS TAKE RUSTY TO THE LOCAL PET SHOP.













**THE FREE-FOR-ALL STARTS...**



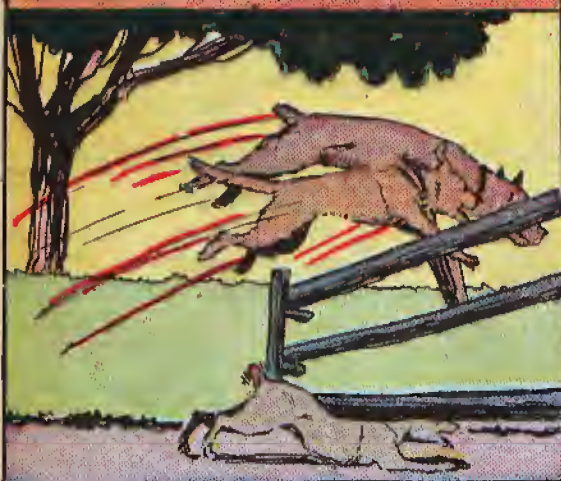
**AT THE FIRST OBSTACLE  
...A LOG JUMP, BOXER  
LEADS.**



**AT THE SAND TRAPS,  
BOXER STILL LEADS;  
RUSTY IS CLOSE BEHIND.**



**AT THE HURDLES, RUSTY GAINS.**



**NEARING THE WATER  
JUMP, RUSTY AND  
BOXER ARE NECK  
AND NECK.**



**BOXER BALKS AS  
RUSTY GATHERS  
FOR THE SPRING.**



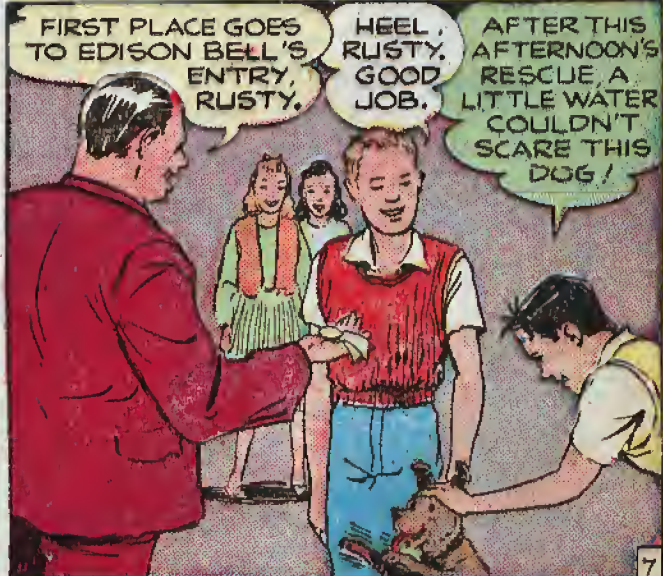
**RUSTY'S OVER AND HEADING  
DOWN THE HOME STRETCH.**



**FIRST PLACE GOES  
TO EDISON BELL'S  
ENTRY, RUSTY.**

**HEEL,  
RUSTY.  
GOOD  
JOB.**

**AFTER THIS  
AFTERNOON'S  
RESCUE, A  
LITTLE WATER  
COULDN'T  
SCARE THIS  
DOG!**



**Q No. 10. Before Rusty could be acclaimed winner of the race, what did he have to pass?**





# YOU CAN TEACH YOUR DOG

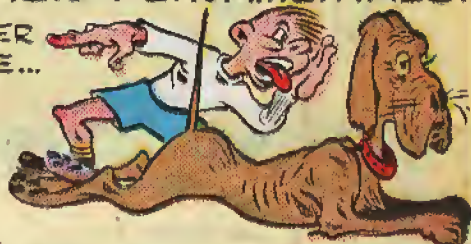
**F**ORMAL TRAINING SHOULD BE POSTPONED UNTIL YOUR PUPPY IS FOUR MONTHS OLD... BUT MUCH SOONER YOU CAN GIVE HIM SOME OF THE **BASIC FUNDAMENTALS:**

**3. TO STOP BITING AND CHEWING THINGS.**



**1. TO ANSWER TO HIS NAME...**

**2. TO KNOW THE MEANING OF "NO."**



**C**LARITY, PATIENCE, and PERSISTENCE ARE THE MAGIC KEYS TO DOG TRAINING...

HE UNDERSTANDS YOU THROUGH INTONATIONS OF YOUR VOICE, GESTURES, and SOUNDS... SO LEARN TO ADOPT A PETTING VOICE, A COMMANDING VOICE, and a REBUKING VOICE...



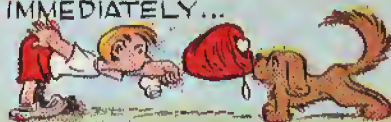
## NEXT

ADOPT A VOCABULARY OF SIMPLE, ONE-SYLLABLE WORDS WHICH HE CAN EASILY DISTINGUISH. FOR INSTANCE...

**NO! DOWN! HUSH!**



**W**HEN HE OBEYS, ALWAYS REWARD HIM IMMEDIATELY...



**I**F HE DISOBEYS, PUNISH INSTANTLY... USUALLY A REBUKE IS ENOUGH... BUT IF NOT, SLAP HIM SMARTLY WITH FOLDED NEWSPAPER...

**BUT...**

DO NOT TRY TO HURT HIM... THERE IS NEVER ANY EXCUSE FOR CRUELTY, NO MATTER WHAT HE HAS DONE!!





# NOW

## FOR THE REAL STUFF.

WHEN THE PUPPY IS FOUR MONTHS OLD, START TEACHING HIM THE FOLLOWING LESSONS...ALWAYS TRAIN HIM BEFORE EATING, NEVER AFTER...AND KEEP THE LESSON ABOUT 15 MINUTES LONG.

MAKE SURE THE PUP UNDERSTANDS WHAT YOU WANT...PATIENTLY REPEAT THE LESSON...KEEP REPEATING TILL HE OBEYS QUICKLY AND UNHESITATINGLY...

### LESSON 1. "COME"... FASTEN A CLOTHESLINE

TO HIS COLLAR and LET HIM RUN...WHEN HE HAS GONE 15 OR 20 FEET, CALL "COME!" IN YOUR "COMMANDING VOICE" and JERK THE ROPE QUICKLY BUT GENTLY...THIS WILL STARTLE HIM. WHEN HE COMES FOR SYMPATHY, PET AND PRAISE HIM...



AFTER SEVERAL REPETITIONS, TRY HIM WITHOUT THE ROPE. IF HE DOESN'T COME INSTANTLY, REPLACE ROPE. REPEAT 15 MINUTES A DAY UNTIL HE LEARNS.

### LESSON 3. "SIT"...

WHEN WALKING WITH YOUR DOG, SUDDENLY REEL IN HIS LEASH AND ORDER "SIT!" AT THE SAME TIME PRESS HIS HINDQUARTERS DOWN AND HOLD HIS HEAD UP WITH THE LEASH.



LET HIM REMAIN SITTING FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, WHILE YOU PRAISE AND PET HIM.

REPEAT THIS LESSON 10 OR 12 TIMES A DAY.

REMEMBER: NO ANIMAL WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A PERSON HE HATES AND FEARS... BUT IF YOU USE PATIENCE AND LOVING-KINDNESS, YOU CAN GRADUATE YOUR DOG WITH HIGH HONORS.

### LESSON 2. "STOP"...

IF YOUR DOG LEARNS TO STOP ON COMMAND, YOU MAY SAVE HIM FROM DEATH UNDER AN AUTO. YOU WILL ALSO BE ABLE TO KEEP HIM OUT OF GARDENS AND YARDS WHERE HE'S NOT WANTED.



USE THE ROPE AGAIN, AND IF HE DOESN'T OBEY WHEN YOU CALL "STOP," JERK THE CORD, UPSETTING HIM. AFTER HALTING HIM, PRAISE HIM. SOON HE WILL STOP ON COMMAND JUST TO RECEIVE YOUR PRAISE.

## THE HONOR GRAD



"TEX BLAISE"





NICKEL PLATED  
**TOY  
PISTOL**  
CATAPULT  
ACTION

**Shoots  
With a Bang!**

Shoots: Peas, Beans

Beads, Paper Wads, etc.

Just the toy for "he-man" boys!  
Big and real-looking—5½ inches  
long. Nickel plated.

**It's Accurate!**

**It's Harmless!**

Shoots with amazing accuracy, yet  
it's harmless. Ideal for games and  
target practice. All-  
steel construction.  
Nothing to  
get out of  
order.

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Five day  
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I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ for

Catapult Action Toy Pistols

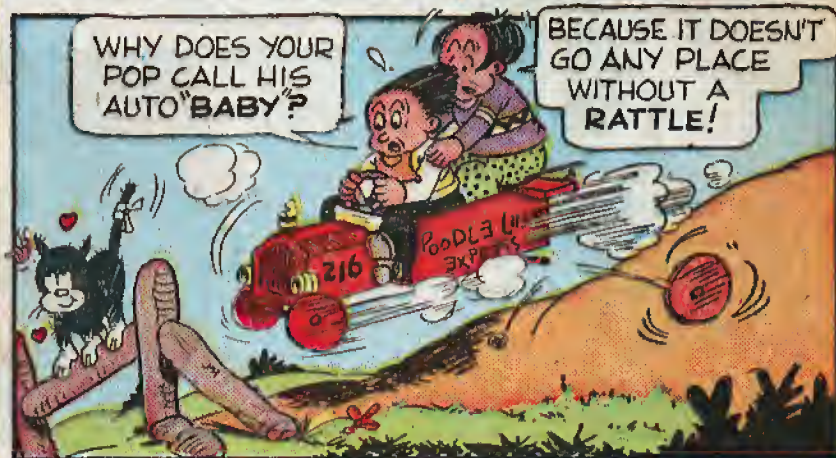
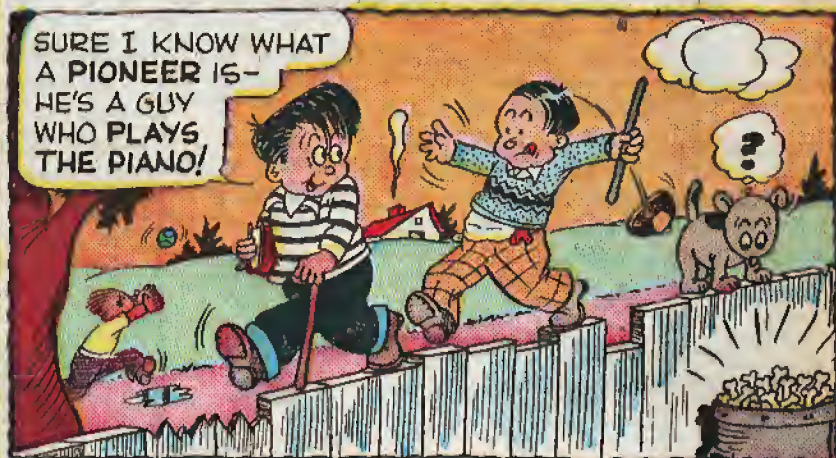
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# 4 MOST FUN

by *ART HAMMER*





# THE FUTURE CHAMPION

**D**ON RUSSELL got up at the count of nine, grabbed Chris Belton, and went into a clinch. He could hear the crowd booing. Belton's right caught him in the ribs. It drove the breath out of him, and once more that sharp pain gripped his insides. He felt himself slipping to the floor just as the bell rang.

In the corner, Coach Turner upbraided him. "What's the matter, you afraid of Belton?"

Don shook his head numbly. His side ached and he wondered if he could stay one more round.

"Central High needs a new lightweight," Coach Turner continued. "We've got to have a good man when we tackle the State Champions."

Don went out slowly, jabbing and waiting for an opening. He had to knock Belton out to win. The rugged Belton shook off a punch and landed a stiff right to Don's head.

Don backed away, a buzzing in his ears. He heard catcalls from the crowd. "Don's yellow!" a voice called out.

It became a chant that rang in the boy's ears. "Don's yellow! Don's yellow!"

As Belton rushed at him Don ducked a hard right and came up swinging at

Belton's jaw. His arm ached when the blow landed.

Hanging wearily on the ropes, he heard the call of "Ten, you're out!" He had won, but the crowd still thought him yellow.

In the corner, soft hands explored his body. "Amazing example of courage," a voice said. "This boy fought two rounds with a badly cracked rib."

"Can you fix him up in time for the championship match, Doc?" Coach Turner pleaded. "Nobody but the future champ could knock Belton colder than an Alaskan river. And believe me, I'm going to tell the crowd about that cracked rib!"

## THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF 4MOST, published Bi-Monthly, at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania for September 24, 1947.

State of New York  
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Wheeler, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of 4MOST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Premium Service Co. Inc., 119 West 19th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Robert D. Wheeler, 12 Colonial Rd., Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jane Spaulding Nye, 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Premium Service Co. Inc., 119 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders at the time appearing upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 428,287. (This information is required from daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly and weekly publications.)

ROBERT D. WHEELER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of September, 1947.

S. HENRY MORDA,  
Notary Public in the State of New York, Residing in  
Kings County, Kings co. Clk.'s No. 390 Reg. No.  
633-M-8, N. Y. Co. Clk.'s No. 1240 Reg. No. 950-M-8  
(My Commission Expires March 30, 1948)

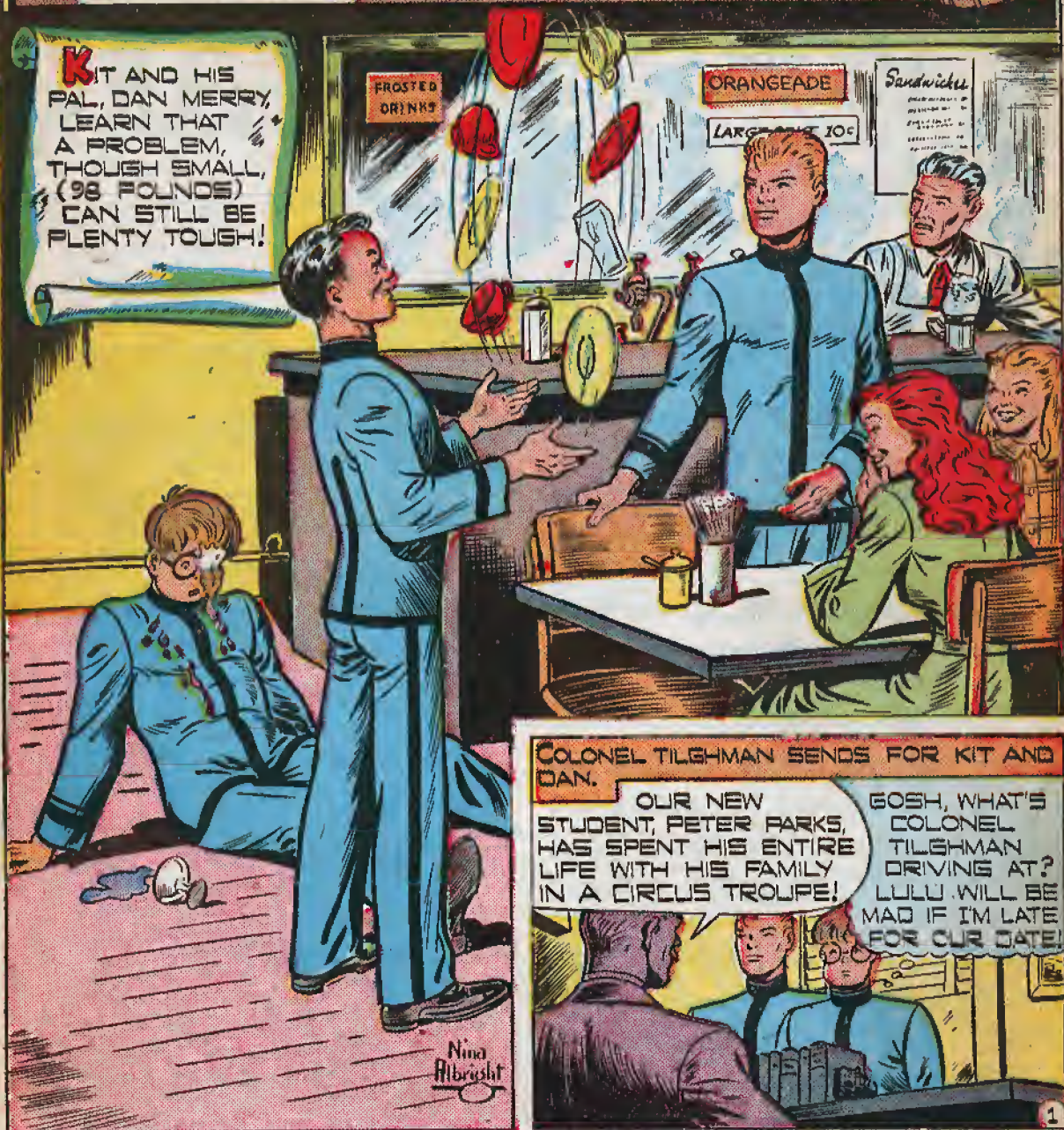


# THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



**K**IT AND HIS PAL, DAN MERRY, LEARN THAT A PROBLEM, THOUGH SMALL, (98 POUNDS) CAN STILL BE PLENTY TOUGH!



COLONEL TILGHMAN SENDS FOR KIT AND DAN.

OUR NEW STUDENT, PETER PARKS, HAS SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE WITH HIS FAMILY IN A CIRCUS TROUPE!

GOSH, WHAT'S COLONEL TILGHMAN DRIVING AT? LULU WILL BE MAD IF I'M LATE FOR OUR DATE!





CAMPUS LIFE WILL BE A DRASTIC CHANGE FOR THE BOY.



HE MAY HAVE A HARD TIME ADJUSTING. CARTER, WILL YOU AND MERRY HELP HIM OVER THE ROUGH SPOTS?

CERTAINLY, COLONEL TILGHMAN!



THANKS, MEN...AND GOOD LUCK! I'M AFRAID IT MAY BE A TOUGH JOB!

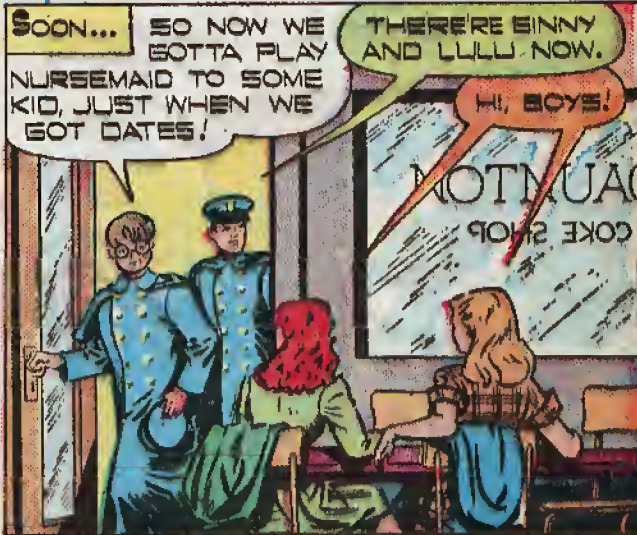


SOON...

SO NOW WE GOTTA PLAY NURSEMAID TO SOME KID, JUST WHEN WE GOT DATES!

THERE'RE ENNY AND LULL NOW.

HI, BOYS!



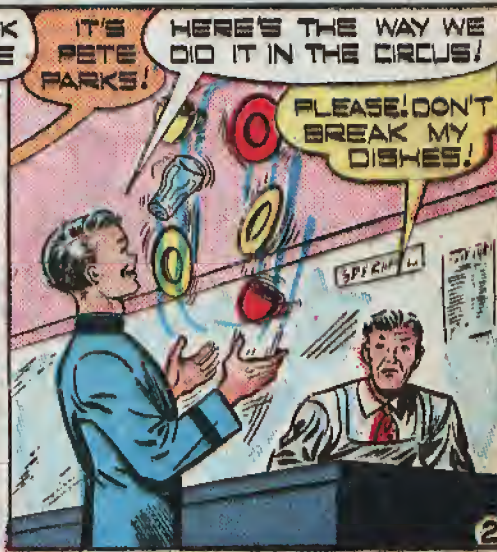
MAKE MINE A TRIPLE SCOOP OF VANILLA!

OOOH, DAN! LOOK WHAT THAT CUTE LITTLE BOY IS DOING!

IT'S PETE PARKS!

HERE'S THE WAY WE DID IT IN THE CIRCUS!

PLEASE! DON'T BREAK MY DISHES!

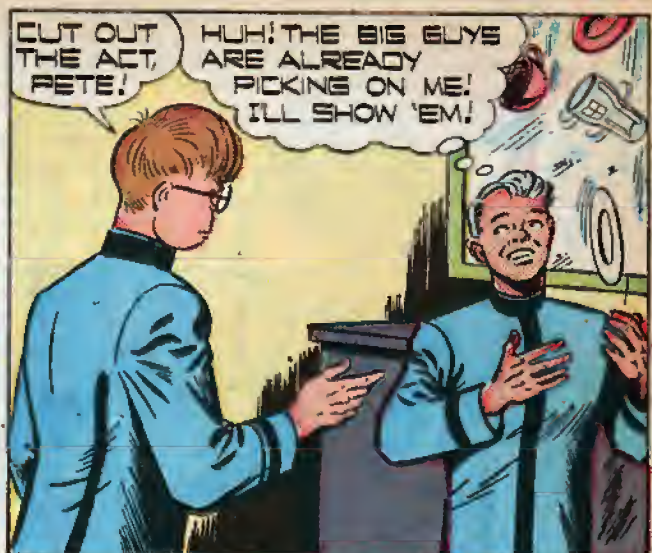


Q No. 11. If "campus" refers to college grounds, to what does "commons" refer?





THE KID WILL GET IN TROUBLE IF I DON'T STOP HIM!



CUT OUT THE ACT, PETE!

HUH! THE BIG GUYS ARE ALREADY PICKING ON ME! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

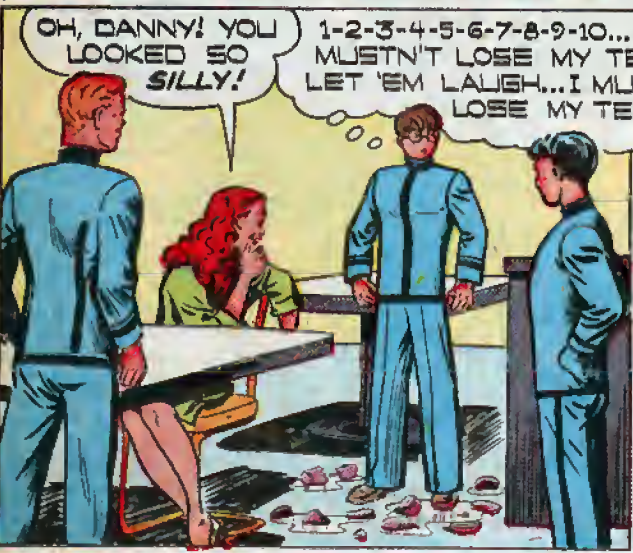


HERE! YOU TAKE OVER!

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA?



CRASH!



OH, DANNY! YOU LOOKED SO SILLY!

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10... I MUSTN'T LOSE MY TEMPER... LET 'EM LAUGH... I MUSTN'T LOSE MY TEMPER!



HEH, HEH! MUSTN'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT, PETE, BUT LET'S SKIP IT! OKAY?

YEAH.

THINK I'LL HAVE SOME MORE FUN WITH THIS DOPE.

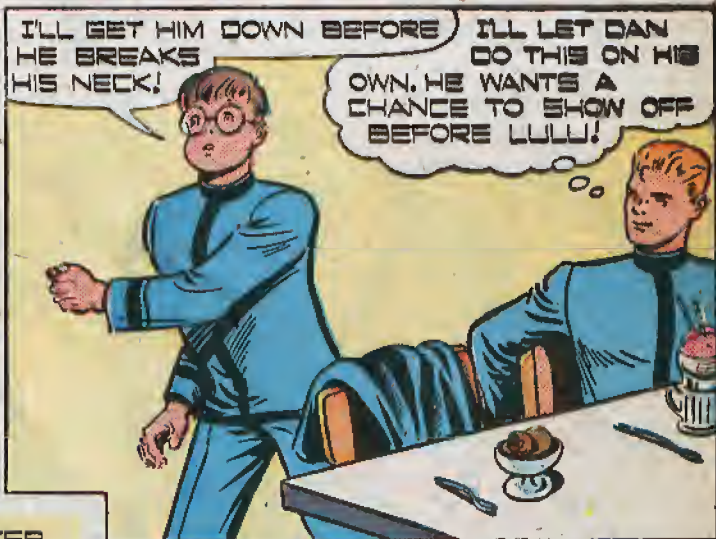
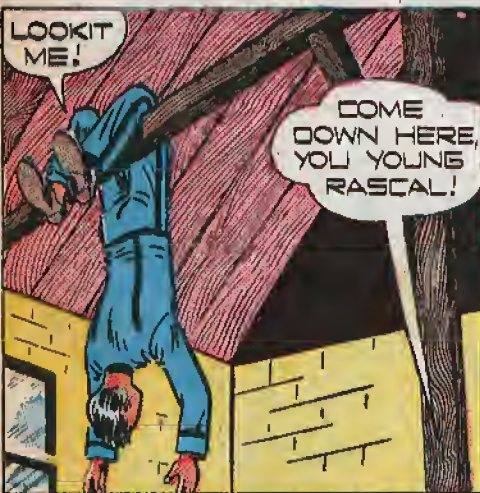


**SOON...**

AH!  
ICE  
CREAM!

POOR DAN IS UPSET  
ABOUT DROPPING ALL  
THOSE DISHES IN FRONT  
OF LULLU, BUT HE  
SURE TRIES TO BE  
A GOOD SPORT!

LOOK! THE LITTLE  
MONKEY'S ON THE  
RAFTERS!



DAN CLIMBS TO THE LOFTY RAFTER.



**Q No. 12.** In English History, who was the Young Pretender and what was his mission?



HELP!  
HELP!

DON'T GET EXCITED!  
YOU CADETS SURE  
ARE HELPLESS!



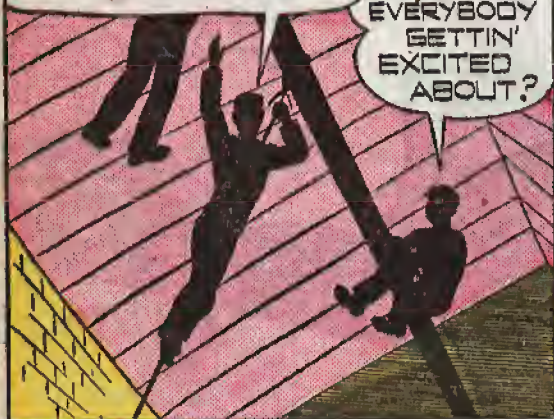
MEANWHILE, KIT CARTER  
GOES INTO ACTION.



KIT HASTILY CLIMBS THE ROPE.

COME ON, DAN. DOWN THE  
ROPE. YOU TOO, PETE!

HO HUM!  
WHAT'S  
EVERYBODY  
GETTIN'  
EXCITED  
ABOUT?



SOON...

ATTABOY, DAN!  
YOU MEANT WELL!

DON'T GET SORE  
AT HIM, DAN.  
WE'VE GOT TO  
BE PATIENT!

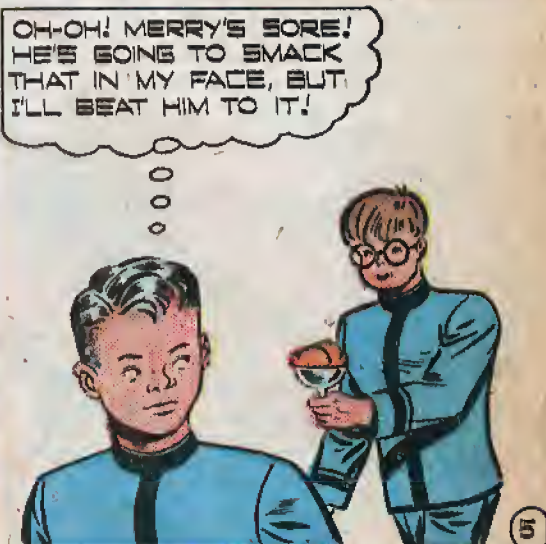


YOU'RE RIGHT, KIT, AND  
JUST TO PROVE I HAVE  
NO HARD FEELINGS, I'LL  
GIVE PETE MY ICE CREAM!

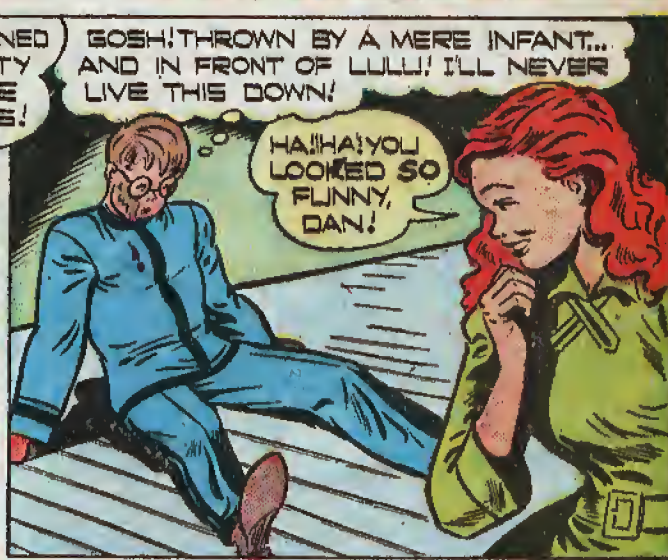
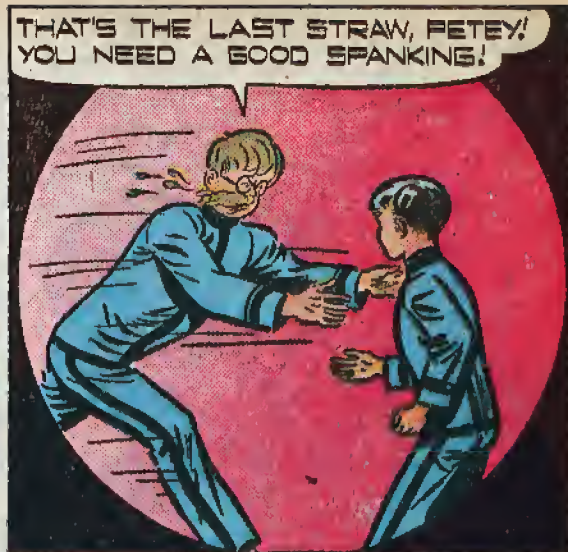
GEE! DAN'S A  
GOOD SPORT,  
ANYWAY!



OH-OH! MERRY'S SORE!  
HE'S GOING TO SMACK  
THAT IN MY FACE, BUT  
I'LL BEAT HIM TO IT!









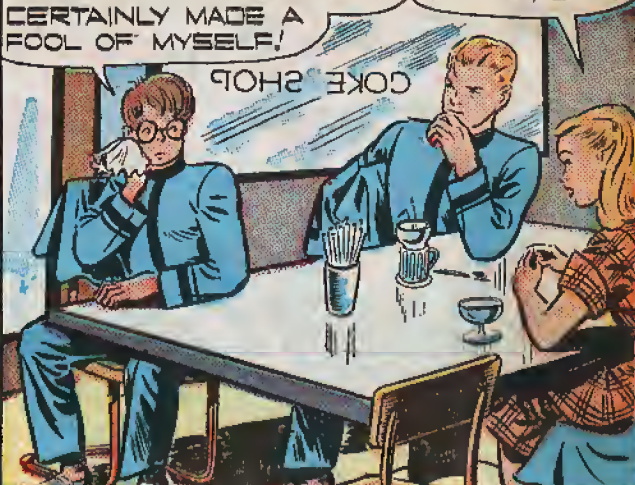
DAN'S A SWELL GUY. ALL THE CADETS ARE. YOU'LL LIKE THEM A LOT WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW THEM!

I DOUBT IT!

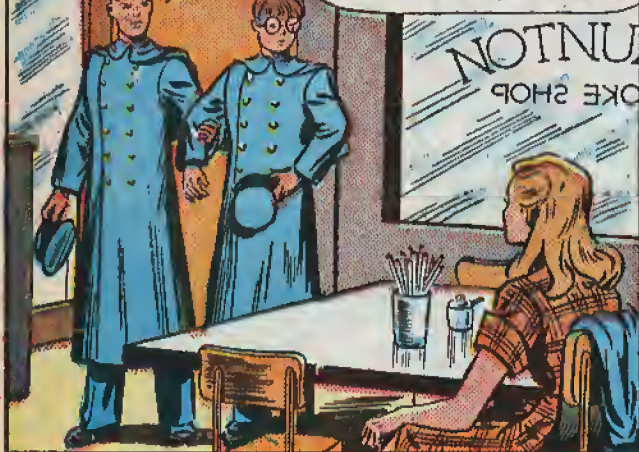


I GUESS LULU'S REALLY FED UP WITH ME NOW. I CERTAINLY MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF!

DON'T GIVE UP YET, DAN!



EXCUSE US, GINNY. WE'D BETTER CHECK ON PETE BEFORE HE GETS INTO MORE TROUBLE!



MEANWHILE...

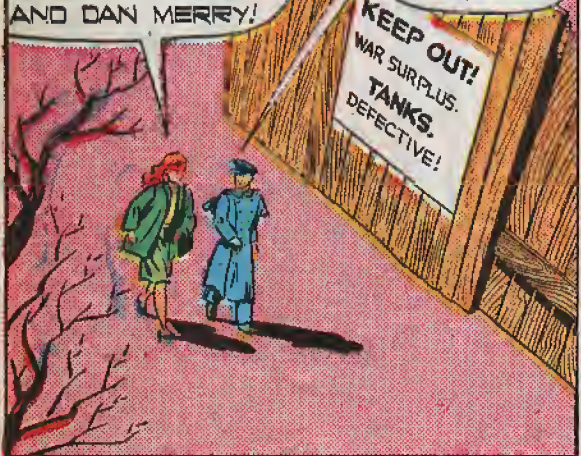
DAUNTON CAN BE LOTS OF FUN, PETE!

I'D RATHER BE IN THE CIRCUS!



YOU CAN LEARN TO BE A GOOD ATHLETE LIKE KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY!

HUH! I CAN DO ANYTHING THEY CAN!

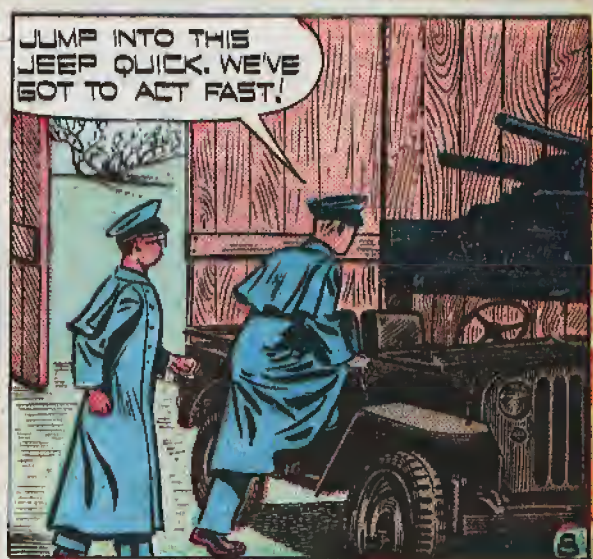
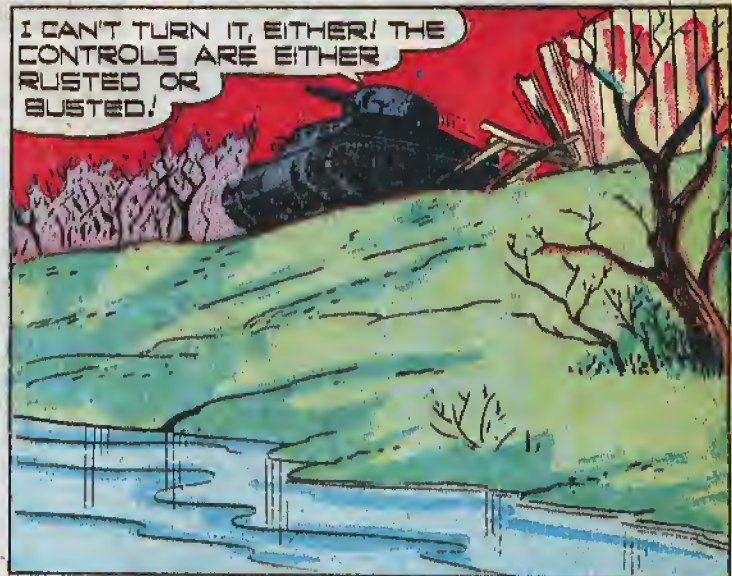
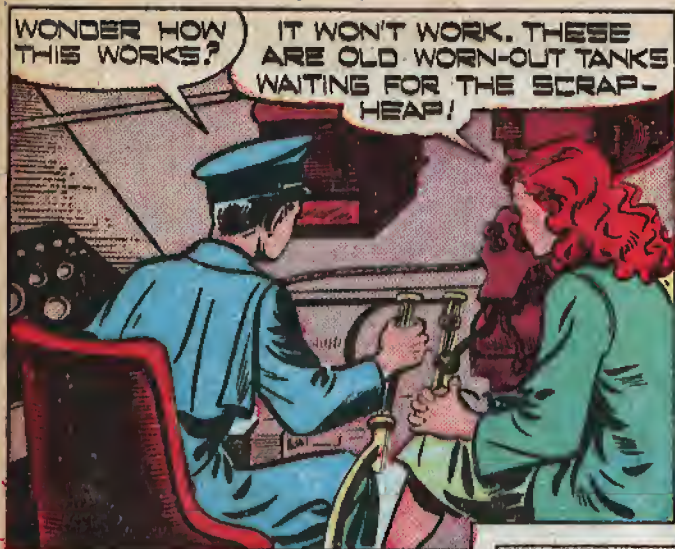


C'MON! LET'S GET IN THE TANK!

WELL...UH...ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T THINK WE'RE SUPPOSED TO.



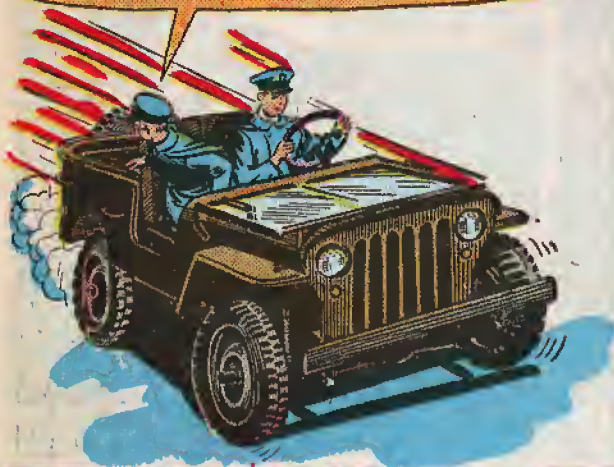




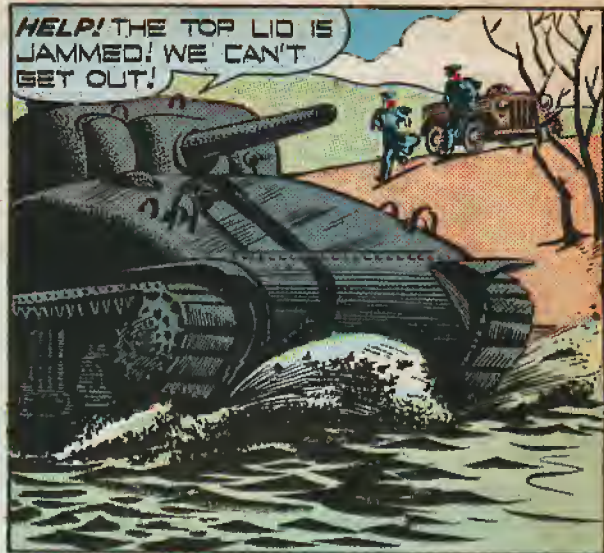
Q No. 14. Pete's tank would have to be amphibious to take to water. What animals are?



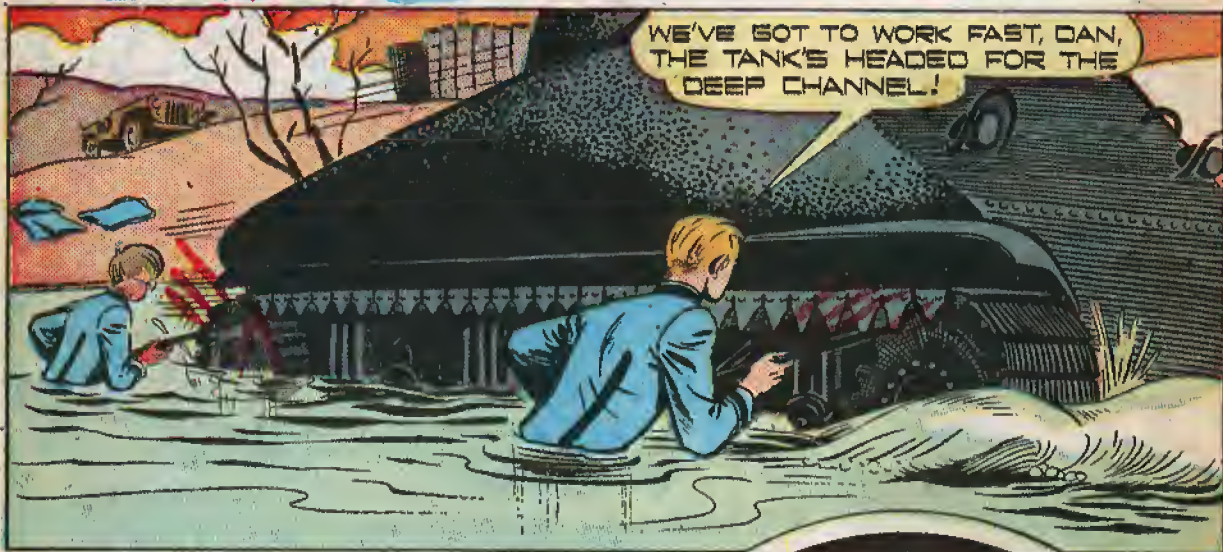
THERE'RE A COUPLE OF CROWBARS HERE. MAYBE WE CAN JAM THE TREADS. THAT'D STALL THE MOTOR.



HELP! THE TOP LID IS JAMMED! WE CAN'T GET OUT!

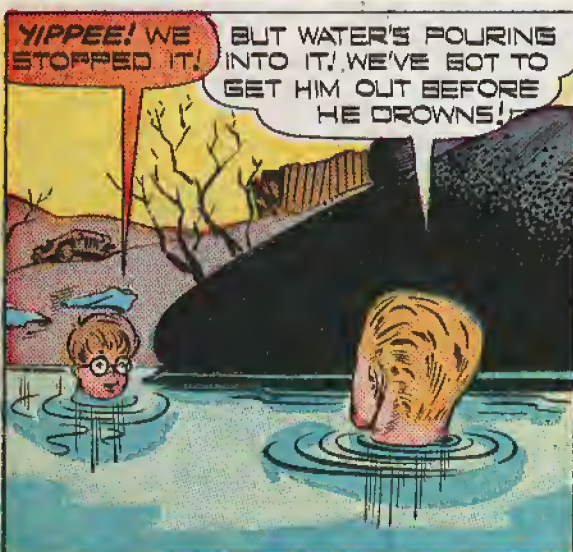


WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, DAN, THE TANK'S HEADED FOR THE DEEP CHANNEL!



YIPPEE! WE STOPPED IT!

BUT WATER'S POURING INTO IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT BEFORE HE DROWNS!



G-GOSH, LULLI, THE TANK'S STOPPED, BUT WE MUST BE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER!

OOOH! THIS IS TERRIBLE! WE'LL DROWN!

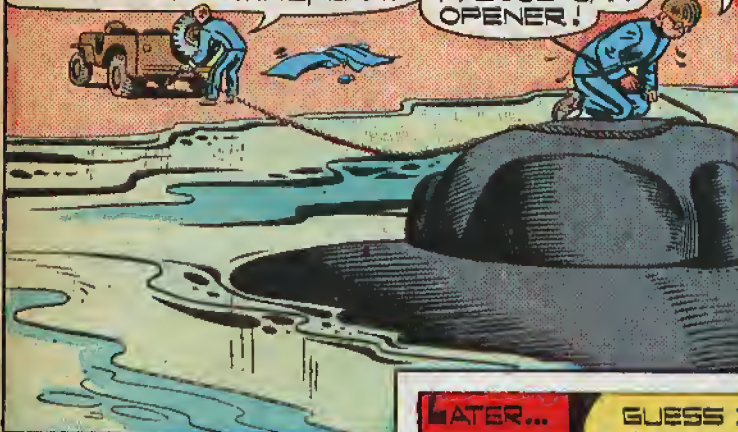




KIT AND DAN WORK SWIFTLY TO OPEN THE TANK.

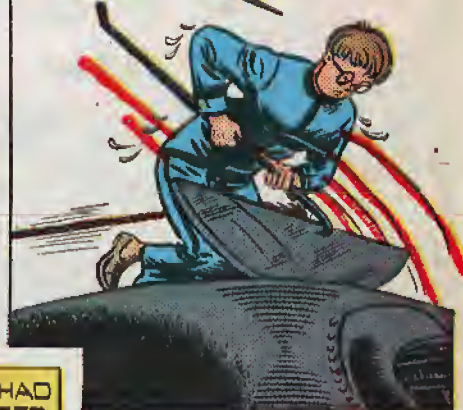
WHEN I GIVE 'ER THE GUN  
YOU START PRYING, DAN!

WHAT WE NEED IS  
A GOOD CAN  
OPENER!



A MOMENT LATER...

THAT  
DID IT!



LULU! YOU  
WERE IN  
THERE TOO!

MY HERO!  
YOU SAVED  
MY LIFE!



LATER...

I SAW IT, KIT.  
YOU WERE  
WONDERFUL!

GUESS I HAD  
THINGS FIGURED  
WRONG. IF  
YOU AND DAN  
HADN'T  
KNOWN YOUR  
STUFF, I'D BE A  
DEAD DUCK!



GUESS THERE'S PLENTY  
I CAN LEARN AT DALIN-  
TON, AFTER ALL. THINK  
I'M GONNA LIKE IT HERE!

THAT'S  
THE  
SPIRIT,  
PETE!

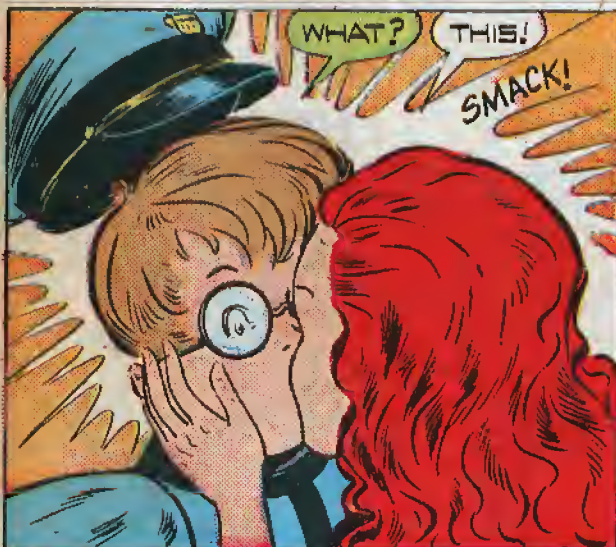
OH, DAN, I'VE  
GOT SOME-  
THING FOR  
YOU!



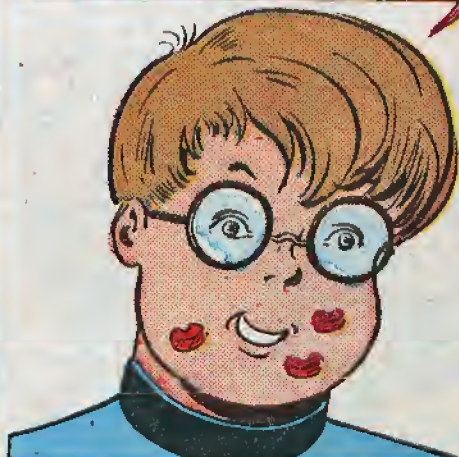
WHAT?

THIS!

SMACK!



YEOW! COME ON, FOLKS, LET'S HAVE  
SOME ICE CREAM. TREATS ON ME!





**WORLD'S RAREST STAMP!** Everyone would like to own the world's rarest postage stamp, valued at \$50,000. Most albums have a place for this 1-penny red stamp of British Guiana of 1856. But, only one is known to exist! So that every collector may have a reproduction copy of the world's rarest stamp for their album, we have designed from the original plate an exact copy in color of this \$50,000 stamp beauty. We will send one, without charge, together with a collection of 100 different guaranteed genuine stamps of the world, for only 10c to approval applicants. Only 1 order per person. WM. PENN STAMP CO., P.O. Box 303, Philadelphia 5, Pa., Dept. 462.



WHAT KIND OF EGGS DO YOU WANT, BUTCH? FIRST GRADE, SECOND GRADE, THIRD GRADE--!

ER-GIVE ME SOME THAT HAVE ALREADY GRADUATED!!!



GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?

WHAT ELSE HAVE YOU GOT BESIDES THOSE TWO, YOUR HONOR?

HAVE YOU VISITED OUR CELLS YET? AIR CONDITION



HOW DID YOUR HANDS GET SO DIRTY, PINKY?

FROM WASHING MY FACE, I GUESS, POP!!!

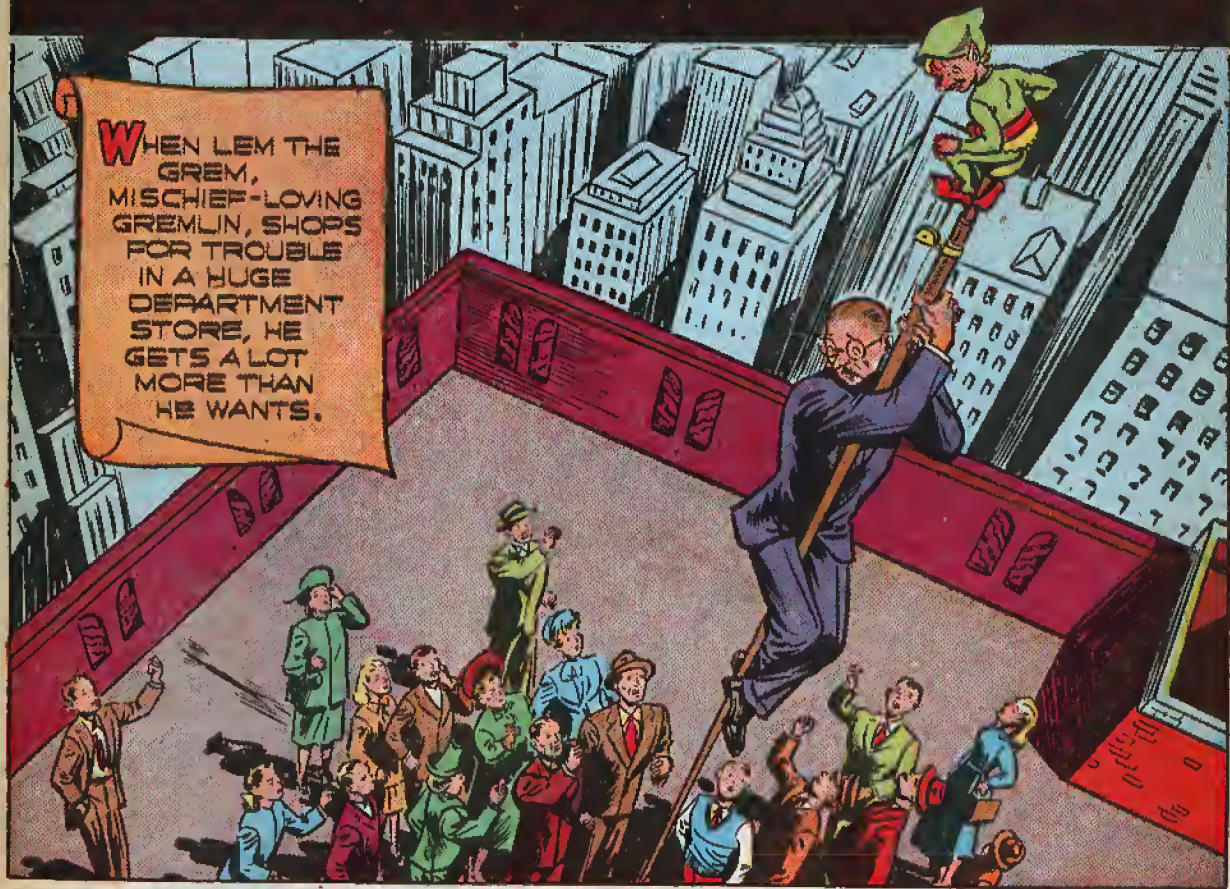


BETCHA CAN'T NAME TWO PRONOUNNS?

WHO, ME?



# LEM THE GREM



**W**HEN LEM THE GREM, MISCHIEF-LOVING GREMLIN, SHOPS FOR TROUBLE IN A HUGE DEPARTMENT STORE, HE GETS A LOT MORE THAN HE WANTS.

THEY SELL EVERYTHING! OUGHT TO BE AN ENTERTAINING SPOT ON A DULL AFTERNOON!

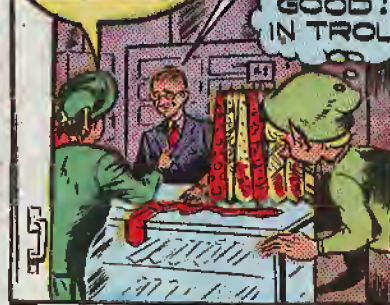
ELMER TREMBLE, I'M DISGUSTED! WHY DON'T YOU DEMAND YOUR RIGHTS?

SHH, DEAR! SOMEONE MIGHT HEAR YOU!

TWENTY YEARS YOU'VE BEEN IN THIS RUT! AM I MARRIED TO A JELLYFISH?

PLEASE, PRUNELLA.. IF MR. GLACIER, THE SALES MANAGER, HEARS YOU SHOUTING, HE MAY FIRE ME.

GOOD! HE'S IN TROUBLE!

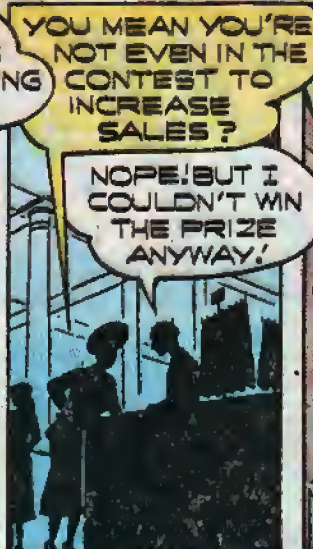






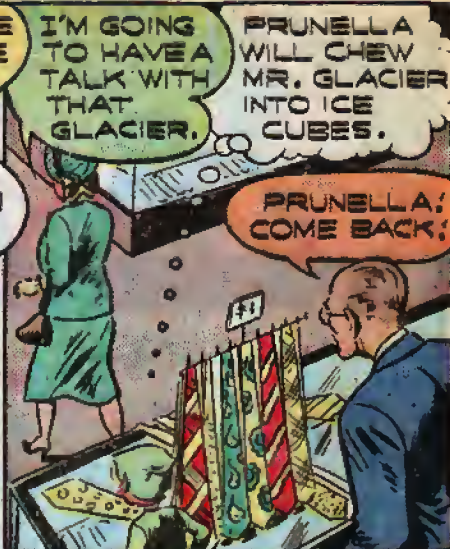
DID HE APPROVE  
YOUR PLANS FOR  
INCREASING  
SALES?

NO. HE  
IGNORES  
EVERYTHING  
I SAY.



YOU MEAN YOU'RE  
NOT EVEN IN THE  
CONTEST TO  
INCREASE  
SALES?

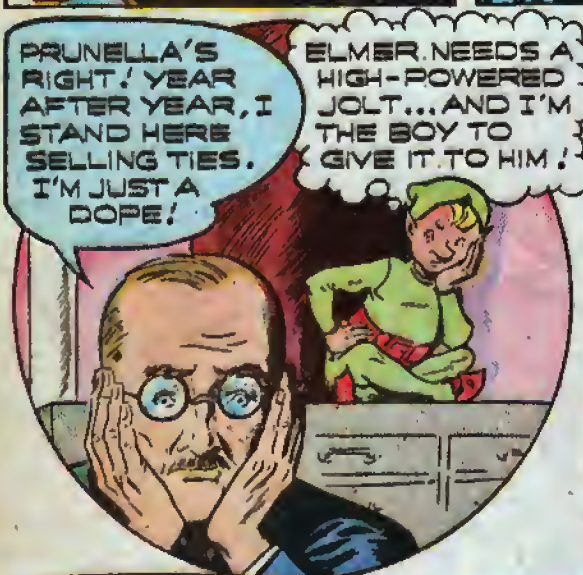
NOPE! BUT I  
COULDN'T WIN  
THE PRIZE  
ANYWAY!



I'M GOING  
TO HAVE A  
TALK WITH  
THAT  
GLACIER.

PRUNELLA  
WILL CHEW  
MR. GLACIER  
INTO ICE  
CUBES.

PRUNELLA!  
COME BACK!



PRUNELLA'S  
RIGHT! YEAR  
AFTER YEAR, I  
STAND HERE  
SELLING TIES.  
I'M JUST A  
DOPE!

ELMER NEEDS A  
HIGH-POWERED  
JOLT... AND I'M  
THE BOY TO  
GIVE IT TO HIM!



LADEES AND  
GENTLE-MUN!  
STEP RIGHT UP!  
GET YOUR FREE  
TIES...  
EVERYTHING  
FREE FOR  
NOTHING!

WHAT'S  
THAT? I  
MUST BE  
GOING  
CRAZY!

HEY!  
DIDJA  
HEAR  
THAT?



PLEASE, PLEASE...  
YOU MUSTN'T...

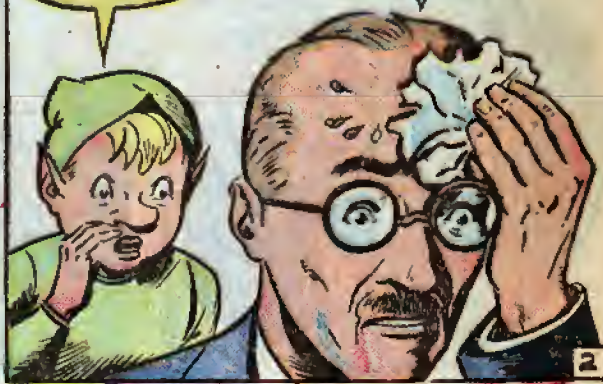
SHUDDUP!  
WE HEARD  
WHAT YOU  
SAID THE  
FIRST  
TIME!

GIMME  
THAT  
RED ONE!

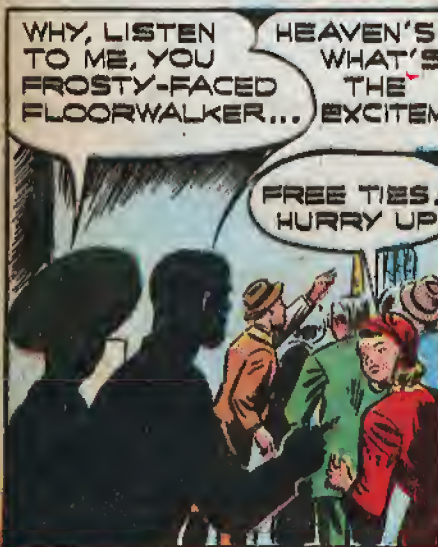
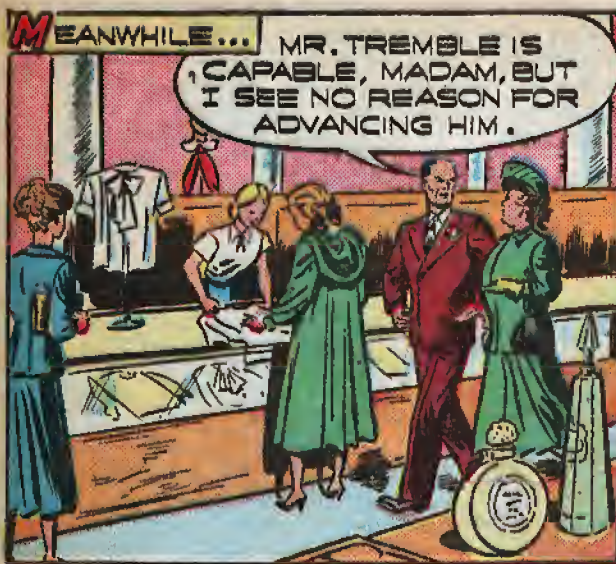
GOSH!  
FREE TIES!  
COME ON,  
EVERYBODY.

THEY'RE GOING  
FAST! HURRY!  
HURRY! HURRY!  
STEP RIGHT  
UP!

OH, MY  
GOODNESS  
GRACIOUS!  
I'M RUINED!









SO YOU TRIED TO SPITE ME BY RUINING MY SMOOTH ORGANIZATION, DID YOU? THE STORE DETECTIVES WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

DETECTIVES! WHAT DID I DO?

YOU GAVE AWAY GOODS THAT WEREN'T YOURS!... O'HOOIHAN, FLYNN, TURN THIS CROOK OVER TO THE POLICE!

NO! THIS IS TOO MUCH!

WOW! JAIL IS MORE OF A CHANGE FOR ELMER THAN I PLANNED!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT! I'LL END IT ALL IN ONE PLUNGE!

ELMER SHOULDN'T TAKE THINGS SO SERIOUSLY!

HALT!

ANGER  
FREIGHT  
ELEVATOR  
SHAFT  
OPEN!

THEY'LL BE SORRY WHEN THEY SEE ME FALL... OOPS!

SORRY, OLD MAN!

TSK-TSK! THIS WILL MAKE MR. GLACIER VERY UNHAPPY!

YOU SMASHED HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF VASES!  
THE VASE IS STUCK! I CAN'T SEE.

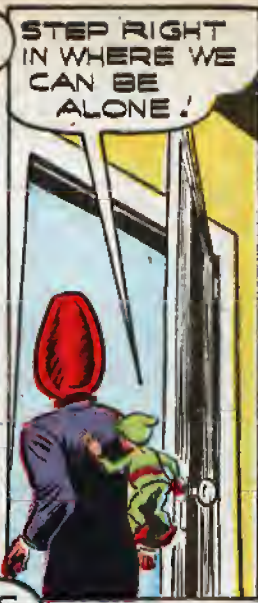
CRASH!





HOLD THAT CROOK!

COME... THE ENEMY ADVANCES!



STEP RIGHT IN WHERE WE CAN BE ALONE!



ULP! WE'RE PART OF A WINDOW DISPLAY!



HAW, HAH! THEY'RE PUTTIN' ON A SHOW!

LET'S GO IN AND SEE THE REST OF IT!

WHAT'S GOING ON?



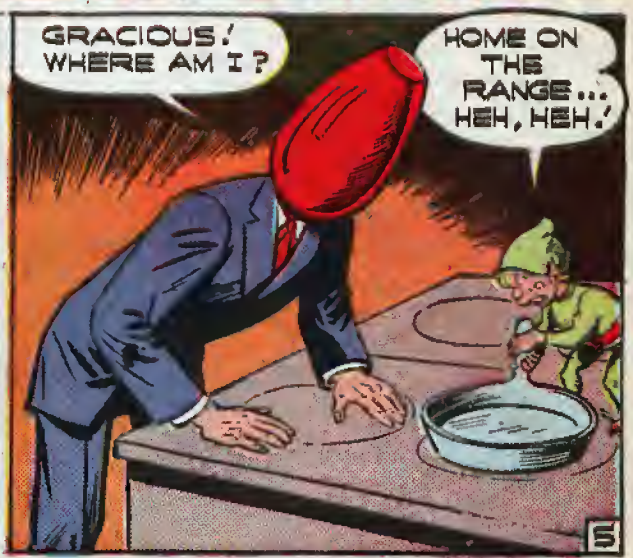
CUT OUT THIS NONSENSE, OR I'LL FIRE!

MY, WHAT A BIG MOUTH YOU HAVE



SAY "AH,"

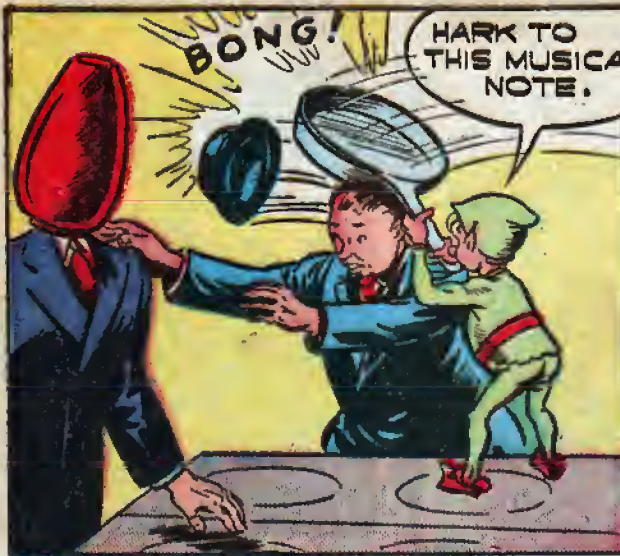
UGH!



GRACIOUS! WHERE AM I?

HOME ON THE RANGE... HEH, HEH!





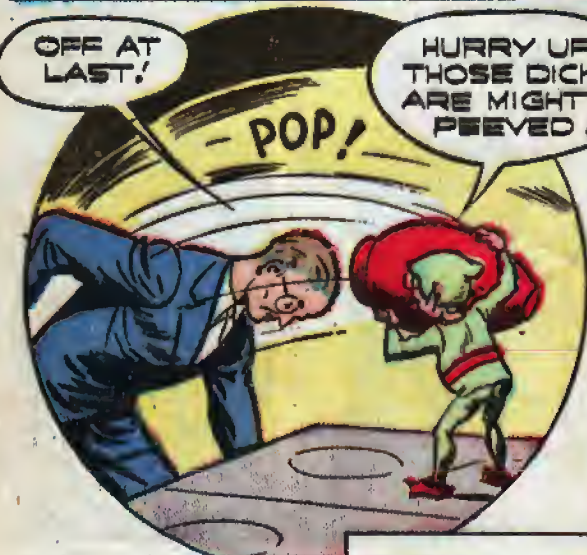
HARK TO THIS MUSICAL NOTE.



THIS IS THE WACKIEST WINDOW DISPLAY I EVER SAW!

KEEP MOVING... YER BLOCKIN' TRAFFIC!

MOMMY, LET ME SEE!



OFF AT LAST!

HURRY UP! THOSE DICKS ARE MIGHTY PEEVED!



HEAVENS! ALL THOSE PEOPLE LAUGHING AT ME! I FEEL FAINT!

SAVE THE SWOON, ELMER! WE'RE LEAVING THIS DREAM KITCHEN!



I CAN'T ESCAPE! THEY'LL ALL RECOGNIZE ME!

THAT MUST BE MY EVIL CONSCIENCE TALKING TO ME!

DISGUISE YOURSELF!



MY! I'VE NEVER SEEN THE STORE SO CROWDED!

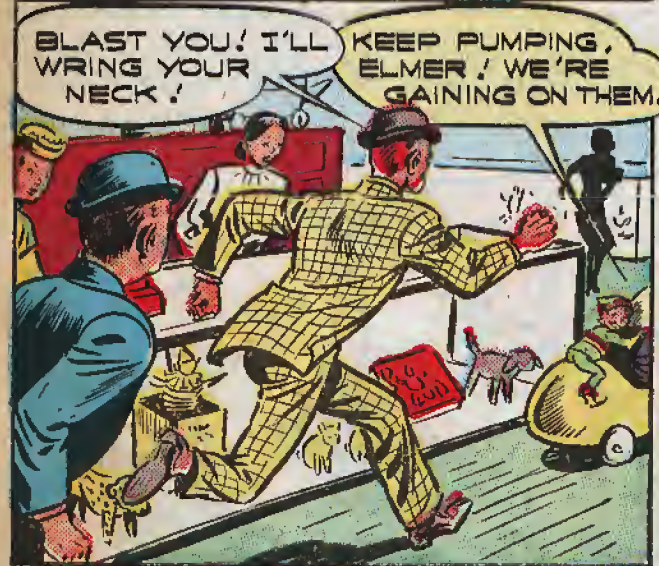
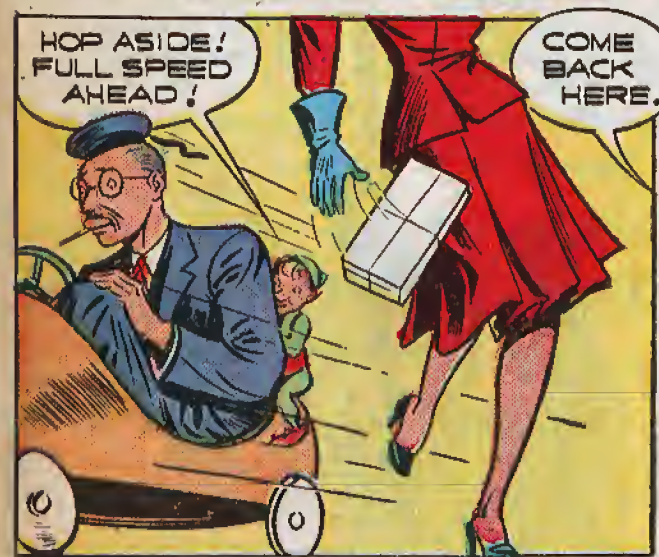
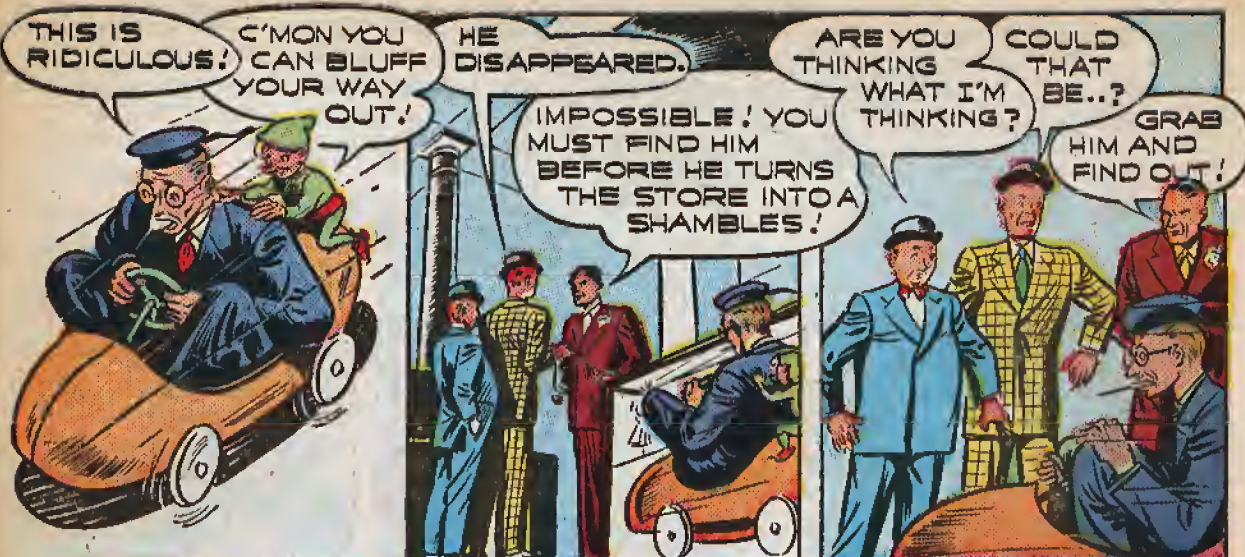
GOOD! BETTER FOR YOUR ESCAPE!



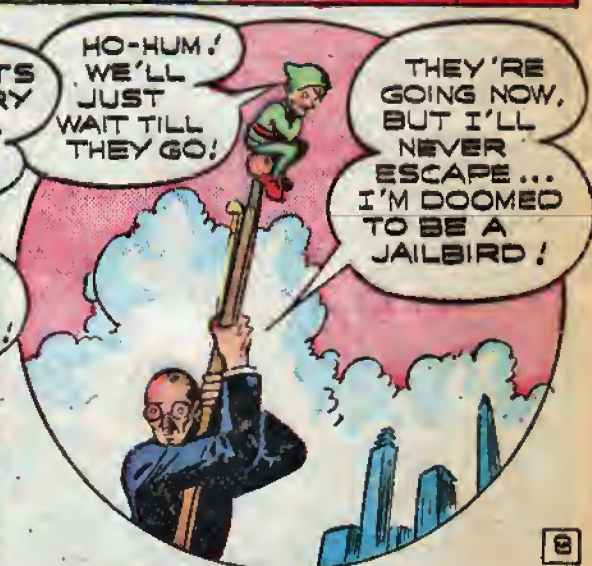
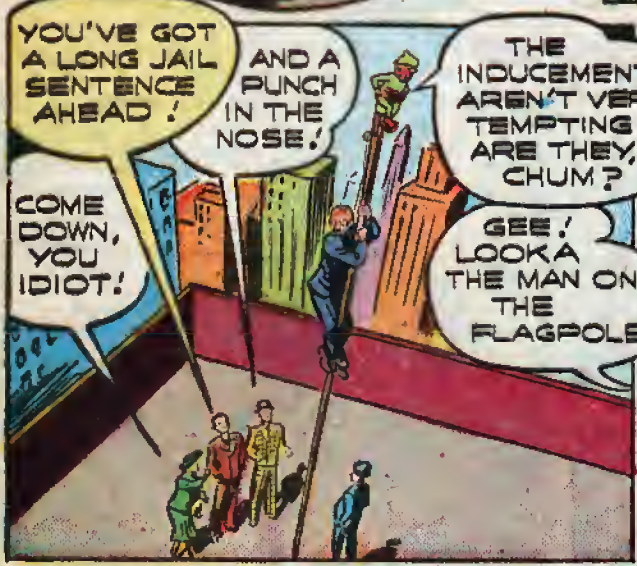
WHAT...? WHERE DID THESE COME FROM?

HOP INTO THAT KIDDE-CAR! QUICK, BEFORE THOSE DICKS FUMBLE THEIR WAY OUT!











**MOURNFUL HOURS  
DRAG BY.**

THE  
STORE'S  
CLOSED BY  
NOW AND IT'S  
RAINING!  
LET'S  
GO!

WHAT  
FOR? MY  
REPUTATION  
IS RUINED,  
MY HOME  
BROKEN  
UP!

I'LL SLIP AWAY AND  
NEVER COME BACK!

HOLD ON! WE'VE  
BEEN WAITING  
FOR YOU!

MR.... MR.  
LARCY  
HIMSELF!

AND YOUR  
LOVING  
WIFE...  
WAITING TO  
GIVE YOU  
"WHAT FOR?"

EXPLAIN  
YOUR  
ACTIONS, MR.  
TREMBLE.

GOLLY! TREMBLE'S SO SCARED HE  
CAN'T SPEAK FOR HIMSELF! IT'S UP  
TO ME!

IT WAS ALL FOR THE STORE'S  
SAKE! I KNEW I COULD DRAW LARGE  
CROWDS AND PUT 'EM IN A  
SPENDING MOOD BY GIVING 'EM  
LAUGHS!

PREPOSTEROUS!

ON THE CONTRARY,  
GLACIER, THAT'S  
JUST WHAT  
HAPPENED!

WE BROKE ALL  
RECORDS TODAY!  
BRILLIANT WORK,  
MR. TREMBLE!  
YOU WIN THE SALES  
CONTEST PRIZE  
OF A THOUSAND  
DOLLARS.

GOSH, I  
ALWAYS  
KNEW I  
HAD IT IN  
ME, BUT I  
NEVER  
THOUGHT  
IT WOULD  
COME OUT!

FANTASTIC!

WHAT'S HAPPENED? NOT  
I'M A HERO!  
BUT HOW  
COME?

A BAD  
DAY'S  
WORK,  
LEMUEL!  
NOT  
BAD AT ALL!

GLACIER, YOU  
ARE DEMOTED TO  
TIE SALESMAN!  
TREMBLE'S  
BRILLIANT  
IMAGINATION  
ENTITLES HIM TO  
BE SALES MANAGER!

LEMUEL  
GREMLIN,  
ESQUIRE  
IS REALLY  
CLICKING  
NOW!

AWK!

DARLING, I  
KNEW YOU  
WERE  
WORTHY  
OF ME!





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Only  
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**MAIL THIS  
COUPON TODAY**

### SEND NO MONEY

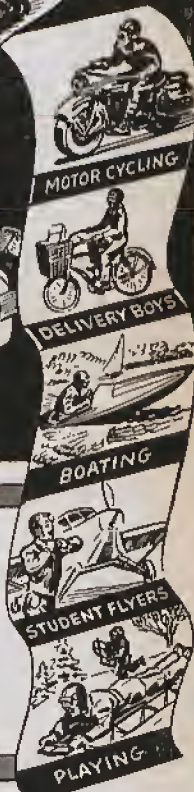
These are the official U. S. Army Air Forces Flying Helmets and they are just perfect for everyday play and school wear. Built for rough use. See for yourself on this trial and approval offer. Check size wanted and mail coupon. On arrival deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. Do it on the guarantee you must be thrilled and delighted with your U. S. Army Air Force Flyers Helmet, goggles and Bar Compass or you may return for full refund. But take this friendly warning . . . DON'T WAIT. They will go fast at this \$1.00 close-out price. So mail your order today!

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CHECK SIZE: ☐ Large ☐ Medium ☐ Small

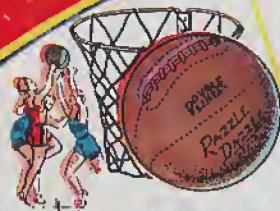
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

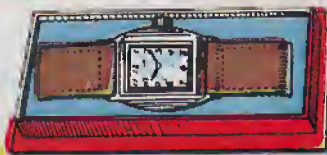


# Boys! Girls! PRIZES GIVEN



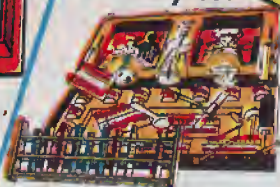
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Full-size ball with steel goal and net. Sell one order plus \$1.25 extra.  
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## WRIST WATCH

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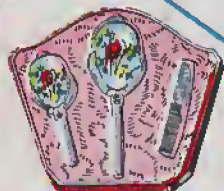
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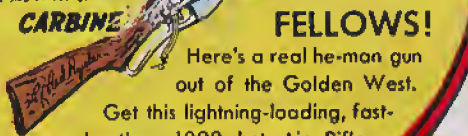


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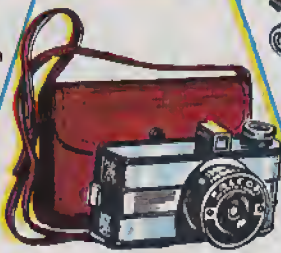


## Pen and Pencil Set

Fountain pen with matching automatic pencil. Sell one order of American Seeds.

## SWEETHEART DOLL

Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of American Seeds.



## CAMERA With Carrying Case

Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.



## "Flying Ace"

Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.



## Famous Texan Jr.

All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Belt. Sell only one order of seeds.

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

**MORE PRIZES** shown in our big prize book.

Fishing Tackle  
Softball Set  
Gene Autry Guitar  
Alarm Clock  
Hunting Knife  
Overnight Bag  
Archery Set  
Roy Rogers Gun  
& many others.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU**

No goods sent outside U. S. A.

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**OUR 30th YEAR**



4 Most

V7:2

MAR. 1948

COVER L.B. COLE\*

DICK COLE McWilliams & L.B. COLE? 14

(ROBERT PLATE) TEXT 1

EDISON BELL BATTEFIELD & ? 7

E.B. How To TEX BLAISDELL\* 2

4 Most Fun MILT HAMMER\* 2/3

CADET NINA ALBRIGHT\* 10

MISC CARTOONS MILT HAMMER\* 1

LEM THE GREN ALBRIGHT & VERGUS SCHROTTKE 9